

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 219 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE YOUNG VOLUNTEER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY H. M. PRATT.

"Beautiful boy!" Only this we had thought him.
Only a boy, with a boy's careless heart;
Yesterday, women had guided and taught him.
To-day of the Nation's brave manhood he's part!

Bright beams his face with heroic emotion,
As the proud "Roll-Call of Heroes" he signs.
Blazes his blue-eye with Patriot devotion,
Lifts his fair brow into manlier lines.

Will he return to us, honored and truly?
Even as he leaves us now, noble and pure?
Though it be long, if he cling but to Virtue,
Patiently we will his absence endure.

Ah! but the dear head, perchance, will be lying,
Traupled and gashed, on the desolate plain;
Ah! he may soon be a prison he dying,
Lone, amid traitors, in sorrow and pain.

God! let Thy strength to our spirits be given,
That, if this be, we have courage to bear:
Better the battle-field gave him to Heaven,
Than the whole Nation lie crushed in despair.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIR,"
"A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

JAN'S REMEDY FOR A COLD.

A cold, bright day in mid-winter. Lunch-
oon was just over at Deerham Court, and
Lady Verner, Decima, and Lucy Tempst had
gathered round the fire in the dining-room.
Lucy had a cold. She laughed at it; said she
was used to colds; but Lady Verner had in-
sisted upon her wrapping herself in a shawl,
and not stirring out of the dining-room for
the day—which was the warmest room in
the house. So there reclined Lucy in state,
in an arm-chair with cushions; half laugh-
ing at being made into an invalid, half re-
belling at it.

Lady Verner sat opposite to her. She
wore a rich, black silk dress—the mourning
for Mrs. Verner—and a white lace cap of the
finest guipure. The white gloves on her
hands were without a wrinkle, and her car-
peted fine handkerchief lay on her lap.
Lady Verner could indulge her taste for
snowy gloves and for delicate handkerchiefs
now, untroubled by the thought of the money
they cost. The addition to her income,
which she had spurned from Stephen Ver-
ner, she accepted largely from Lionel. Lionel
was liberal as a man and as a son. He would
have given the half of his fortune to his
mother, and not said "It is a gift." Deer-
ham Court had its carriage and horses now,
and Deerham Court had its additional ser-
vants. Lady Verner visited and received



REBELS FIRING INTO A TRAIN NEAR MANASSAS.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST, from a picture in the "Illustrated News," represents the firing by the rebels into a railroad train at Manassas, on the 26th of May.

company, and the look of care had gone
from her face, and the querulousness from
her tone.

But it was in Lady Verner's nature to make
a trouble of things; and if she could not do
it in a large way, she must do it in a small.
To-day occurred this cold of Lucy's, and
that afforded scope for Lady Verner. She
sent for Jan as soon as breakfast was over, in
defiance of the laughing protestations of Lucy.
But Jan had not made his appearance yet,
and Lady Verner waxed wrath.

He was coming in now. Now, as the ser-
vants were carrying out the luncheon-tray,
entering by his usual mode—the back-door—
and nearly knocking over the servant and
tray in his haste, as his long legs strode to
the dining-room. Lady Verner had left off
reproaching Jan with using the servant's
entrance, finding it waste of breath; Jan
would have come down the chimney with
the sweeps, had it saved him a minute's
time.

"Who's ill?" asked he.

Lady Verner answered the question by a
sharp reprimand, touching Jan's tardiness.

"I can't be in two places at once," good
humoredly replied Jan. "I have been with
one patient since four o'clock this morning,
until five minutes ago. Who is it that's
ill?"

Lucy explained her ailments, giving Jan
her own view of them; that there was no-
thing the matter with her but a bit of a cold.
"Law!" contemptuously returned Jan.
"If I didn't think somebody must be dying,
I choose said they'd been after me about six
times!"

"If you don't like to attend Miss Tempest,
you can let it alone," said Lady Verner. "I
can send elsewhere."

"I'll attend anybody that I've wanted to
attend," said Jan. "Where d'ye feel the
symptoms of the cold?" asked he of Lucy.
"In the head or chest?"

"I am beginning to feel them a little here,"
replied Lucy, touching her chest.

"Only beginning to feel them, Miss
Lucy?"

"Only beginning, Jan."

"Well then, you just wring out a long strip
of rag in cold water, and put it round your
neck, letting the ends rest on the chest," said
Jan. "A double piece, from two to three
inches broad. It must be covered outside
with thin water-proof skin to keep the wet in;
you know what I mean; Decima's got some;
oil-skin's too thick. And get a lot of toast
and water, or lemonade; any liquid you like;
and sip a drop of it every minute, letting it
go down your throat slowly. You'll soon get
rid of your sore chest if you do this; and
you'll have no cough."

Lady Verner listened to these directions of
Jan's in unqualified amazement. She had
been accustomed to the very professional
remedies of Dr. West. Decima laughed.
"Jan," said she, "I could fancy an old wo-
man prescribing this, but not a doctor."
"It'll cure," returned Jan. "It will pre-
vent the cough coming on; and prevention's

better than cure. You try it at once, Miss
Lucy; and you'll soon see. You will know
then what to do if you catch cold in fu-
ture."

"Jan," interposed Lady Verner, "I con-
sider the very mention of such remedies be-
neath the dignity of a medical man."
Jan opened his eyes.

"But if they are the best remedies, mother?"

"At any rate, Jan, if this is your fashion of
prescribing, you will not fill your pockets,"
said Decima.

"I don't want to fill my pockets by rob-
bing people," returned plain Jan. "If I
know a remedy that costs nothing, why
shouldn't I let my patients have the benefit
of it, instead of charging them for drugs that
won't do half the good?"

"Jan," said Lucy, "if it cost gold, I
should try it. I have great faith in what you
say."

"All right," replied Jan. "But it must be
done at once, mind. If you let the cold get
ahead first, it will not be so efficacious. And
now good day to you all, for I must be off to
my patients. Good bye, mother."

Away went Jan. And, amidst much laugh-
ter from Lucy, the wet "rag," Jan's elegant
phrase for it, was put round her neck, and
covered up. Lionel came in, and they amused
him by reciting Jan's prescription.

"It is this house which has given her the
cold," grumbled Lady Verner, who invari-
ably laid faults and misfortunes upon some-
thing or somebody. "The servants are for
ever opening that side door, and then there
comes a current of air throughout the pas-
sages. Lionel, I am not sure but I shall leave
Deerham Court."

Lionel leaned against the mantle-piece, a
smile upon his face. He had completely re-
covered his good looks, scared away, though
they had been for a time, by his illness. He was
in deep mourning for Mrs. Verner. Decima
looked up, surprised at Lady Verner's last
sentence.

"Leave Deerham Court, mamma! When
you are so much attached to it?"

"I don't dislike it," acknowledged Lady
Verner. "But it suited me better when we
were living quietly, than it does now. If I
could find a larger house with the same con-
veniences, and in an agreeable situation, I
might leave this."

Decima did not reply. She felt sure that
her mother was attached to the house, and
would never quit it. Her eyes said as much
as they encountered Lionel's.

"I wish my mother would leave Deerham
Court!" he said aloud.

Lady Verner turned to him.

"Why should you wish it, Lionel?"

"I wish you would leave it to come to me,
mother. Verner's Pride wants a mistress."

"Every difference," said Lady Verner.
"Were you an old man, you might not be
thinking of getting married; as it is, you will
be. Your wife will reign at Verner's Pride,
Lionel."

Lionel made no answer.

"You will be marrying sometime, I sup-
pose?" reiterated Lady Verner, with em-
phasis.

"I suppose I shall be," replied Lionel;
and his eyes, as he spoke, involuntarily strayed
to Lucy. She caught the look, and blushed
vividly.

"How much of that do you intend to drink,
Lionel?" asked Decima, as she slipped the
tumbler of lemonade, at her elbow.

"Ever so many tumblers of it," she an-
swered. "Jan said I was to keep sipping it
all day long. The water, going down slowly,
heals the chest."

"I believe if Jan told you to drink boiling
water, you'd do it, Lucy," cried Lady
Verner. "You seem to fall in with all he
says."

"Because I like him, Lady Verner. Be-
cause I have faith in him; and if Jan pre-
scribes a thing, I know that he has faith in it."

"It is not displaying a refined taste, to like
Jan," observed Lady Verner, intending the
words as a covert reprimand to Lucy.

But Lucy stood up for Jan. Even at the
dread of openly disagreeing with Lady Ver-
ner, Lucy would not be unjust to one whom
she deemed of sterling worth.

"I like Jan very much," said she, reso-
lutely, in her championship. "There's no-
body I like so well as Jan, Lady Verner."

Lady Verner made a slight movement
with her shoulders. It was almost as much
as to say that Lucy was growing hopelessly
incurable, like Jan. Lionel turned to Lucy.

"Nobody you like so well as Jan, did you
say?"

Poor Lucy! If the look of Lionel, just
before, had brought the hot blush to her
cheek, that blush was nothing compared to
the glowing crimson which mantled there
now. She had not been thinking of one sort
of liking when she so spoke of Jan; the
words had come forth in the honest sim-
plicity of her heart.

Did Lionel read the signs aright, as her eyes
fell before his? Very probably. A smile stole
over his lips.

"I do like Jan very much," stammered
Lucy, essaying to mend the matter. "I may
like him, I suppose. There's no harm in it."

"Oh! no harm, certainly," spoke Lady
Verner, with a spice of irony. "I never
thought Jan could be a favorite before. Not
being fastidiously polished yourself, Lucy—
forgive my saying it—you entertain, I con-
clude, a fellow feeling for Jan."

Lucy—for Jan's sake—would not be beaten.
"Don't you think it is better to be like Jan,
Lady Verner, than—than—like Dr. West, for
instance?"

"In what way?" returned Lady Verner.

"Jan is so true," debated Lucy, ignoring
the question.

"And Dr. West was not, I suppose," re-
torted Lady Verner. "He wrote false pre-
scriptions, perhaps? Gave false advice?"

Lucy looked a little foolish.

"I will tell you the difference, as it seems
to me, between Jan and other people," she
said. "Jan is like a rough diamond—real
within, unpolished without—but a genuine
diamond withal. Many others are but the
imitation stone—glittering outside, false with-
in."

Lionel was amused.

"Am I one of the false ones, Miss Lucy?"
She took the question literally.

"No; you are true," she answered, shak-
ing her head, and speaking with grave ear-
nestness.

"Lucy, my dear, I would not espouse Jan's
cause so warmly, were I you," advised Lady
Verner. "It might be misconstrued."

"How so?" simply asked Lucy.

"It might be thought that you—pray ex-
cuse the common vulgarity of the suggestion
—were in love with Jan."

"In love with Jan?" Lucy paused for a
moment after the words, and then burst into
a merry fit of laughter. "Oh, Lady Verner!
I cannot fancy anybody falling in love with
Jan. I don't think he would know what to
do."

"I don't think he would," quietly replied
Lady Verner.

A peal at the courtyard bell, and the let-
ting down the steps of a carriage. Visitors
for Lady Verner. They were shown to the
drawing-room, and the servant came in.

"The Countess of Elmley and Lady Mary,
my lady."

Lady Verner rose with alacrity. They
were favorite friends of hers—nearly the
only close friends she had made in her retire-
ment.

"Lucy, you must not venture into the
drawing-room," she stayed to say. "The
room is colder than this. Come."

The last "come" was addressed conjointly
to her son and daughter. Decima responded
to it, and followed; Lionel remained where
he was.

"The cold room would not hurt me, but I
am glad not to go," began Lucy, subsiding
into a more easy tone, a more social manner,
than she ventured on in the presence of Lady
Verner. "I think morning visiting the great-
est waste of time! I wonder who invented
it?"

"Somebody who wanted to kill time," an-
swered Lionel.

"It is not like friends, who really care for
each other, meeting and talking. The calls
are made just for form's sake, and for nothing
else. I will never fall into it when I am my
own mistress."

"When is that to be?" asked Lionel, smil-
ing.

"Oh! I don't know," she answered, look-
ing up at him in all confiding simplicity.
"When papa comes home, I suppose."

of Jan," he said, in a low, earnest tone. "I
do not believe anybody living knows his
worth."

"Yes; for I do," she replied, her eyes
sparkling.

"Only don't you get to like him too much
—as Lady Verner hinted," continued Lionel,
his eyes dancing with merriment at his own
words.

Lucy's eyelashes fell on her hot cheek.

"Please not to be so foolish," she answer-
ed, in a pleading tone.

"Or a certain place—that has been men-
tioned this morning—might have to go with-
out a mistress for good," he whispered.

What makes him say it? It is true he
spoke in a light, joking tone; but the words
were not justifiable, unless he meant to fol-
low them up seriously in future. He did
mean to do so when he spoke them.

Decima came in, sent by Lady Verner to
demand Lionel's attendance.

"I am coming directly," replied Lionel.

And Decima went back again.

"You ought to take Jan to live at Verner's
Pride," said Lucy to him, the words uncon-
sciously proving that she had understood
Lionel's allusion to it. "If he were my brother,
I would not let him be always slaving
himself at his profession."

"If he were your brother, Lucy, you would
find that Jan would slave just as he does now,
in spite of you. Were Jan to come into Ver-
ner's Pride to-morrow, through my death, I
really believe he would let it, and live on
where he does, and doctor the parish to the
end of time."

"Will Verner's Pride go to Jan after you?"

"That depends. It would, were I to die
as I am now, a single man. But I may have
a wife and children some time, Lucy."

"So you may," said Lucy, filling up her
tumbler from the jug of lemonade. "Please
to go into the drawing-room now, or Lady
Verner will be angry. Mary Elmley's there,
you know."

She gave him a saucy glance from her soft
bright eyes. Lionel laughed.

"Who made you wise about Mary Elms-
ley, young lady?"

"Lady Verner," was the answer, her voice
sounding into a confidential tone. "She tells
us all about it, me and Decima, when we are
sitting by the fire of an evening. She is to be
the mistress of Verner's Pride."

"Oh, indeed," said Lionel. "She is, is she,
Lucy?"

"Well?"

"If that mistress-ship—is there such a
word?—ever comes to pass, I shall not be the
master of it."

Lucy looked pleased.

"That is just what Decima says. She says
it to Lady Verner. I wish you would go to
them."

"So I will. Good-bye. I shall not come
in again. I have a hundred and one things
to do this afternoon."

He took her hand and held it. She, ever
courteous of manner, simple though she was,
rose and stood before him to say adieu, her
eyes raised to his, her pretty face up-
turned.

Lionel gazed down upon it. And, as he had
forgotten himself once before, so he now for-
got himself again. He clasped it to him with a
sudden movement of affection, and left on it
some fervent kisses, whispering tenderly:

"Take care of yourself, my darling Lucy!"

Leaving her to make the best of the busi-
ness, Mr. Lionel proceeded to the drawing-
room. A few minutes' stay in it, and then he
pleaded an engagement, and departed.

Things were changed now out of doors.
There was no disaffection, no complaining.
Roy was deposed from his petty authority,
and all men were at peace. With the excep-
tion, possibly, of Mr. Peckaby. Mr. Peckaby
did not find his shop flourish. Indeed, far
from flourishing, so completely was it desert-
ed, that he was fain to give up the trade, and
accept work at Chuff, the blacksmith's forge,
to which employment, it appeared, he had
been brought up. A few stale articles re-
mained in the shop, and the counters remain-
ed; chiefly for show. Mrs. Peckaby made a
pretence of attending to customers; but she
did not get two in a week. And if those two
entered, they could not be served, for she
was pretty sure to be out, gossiping.

This state of things did not please Mrs.
Peckaby. In one point of view the falling of
the trade pleased her, because it left her less
work to do, but she did not like the falling
of their income. Whether the shop had been
actually theirs, or whether it had been Roy's,
there was no doubt that they had drawn suf-
ficient from it to live comfortably and to find
Mrs. Peckaby in smart caps. This source was
gone, and all they had now was an ignomini-
ous fourteen shillings a week, which Peckaby
earned. The prevalent opinion in Clay Lane
was, that this was quite as much as Peckaby
deserved; and that was a special piece of un-
deserved good fortune which had taken off
the blacksmith's brother and assistant to the
nick of time, Joe Chuff, to make room for
him. Mrs. Peckaby, however, was in a state

of semi-rebellion; the worse, that she did not know upon whom to rely, or see any remedy. She took to pointing her time in grumbling and tears, and when the fashion of Dutch Roy, venting her complaints upon anybody that would listen to her.

Lionel had not said to the men, "You shall leave Peckaby's shop." He had not even hinted to them that it might be desirable to leave it. In short, he had not interfered. But, the restraint of Roy being removed from the men, they quitted it of their own accord. "No more Roy; no more Peckaby; no more grinding down—hurrah!" shouted they, and went back to the old ships in the village.

All sorts of improvements had Lionel begun. That is, he had planned them; begun yet, they were not. Building better tenements for the laborers, repairing and draining the old ones, adding whatever might be wanted to make the dwellings healthy, draining, ditching, hedging. "It shall not be said that while I live in a palace, my poor live in pigsties," said Lionel to Mr. Bitterworth, one day. "I'll do what I can to drive that periodical plague from the place."

"Have you counted the cost?" was Mr. Bitterworth's rejoinder. "No," said Lionel. "I don't intend to count it. Whatever the changes may cost I shall carry them out."

And Lionel, like other new schemes, was red hot upon them. He drew out plans in his head and with his pencil; he consulted architects, he spent half his days with builders. Lionel was astonished at the mean, petty acts of past tyranny which came to light, exercised by Roy. Far more than he had had any idea of. He blushed for himself and for his uncle, that such a state of things had been allowed to go on; he wondered that it could have gone on; that he had been blind to so much of it, or that the men had not exercised Lynch law upon Roy.

Roy had taken his place in the brickyard, as workman; but Lionel, in the anger of the moment, when these things came out, felt inclined to spurn him from the land. He would have done it but for his promise to the man himself, and for the pale face of Mrs. Roy. In the hour when his anger was at its height, the woman came up to Verner's Pledge stealthily, as it seemed, and craved him to write to Australia, "now he was a grand gentleman," and ask the "folks over there" if they could send back news of her son. "It's going on a twelvemonth since he wrote to us, sir, and we don't know where to write to him, and I'm almost fretted into my grave."

"My opinion is, that he is coming home," said Lionel.

"Haven't you the ship first?" she involuntarily muttered, and then she burst into a violent flood of tears.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Lionel. "Don't you want him to come home?"

"No, sir. No."

"But why? Are you fearing?"—he jumped to the most probable solution of her words that he could suggest—"are you fearing that he and Roy would not agree?—that there would be unpleasant scenes between them, as there used to be?"

The woman had her face buried in her hands, and she never lifted it as she answered, in a stifled voice, "It's what I'm a fearing, sir."

Lionel could not quite understand her. He thought her more weak and silly than usual. "But he is not coming home," she resumed. "No, sir, I don't believe that England will ever see him again; and it's best as it is, for there's nothing but care and sorrow here, in the old country. But I'd like to know what's become of him; whether he is alive or dead, whether he is starving or in comfort. "Oh, sir," she added, with a burst of wailing anguish, "write for me, and ask news of him! They'd answer you. My heart is aching for it."

He did not explain to her then, how very uncertain was the fate of emigrants to that country; how next to impossible it might be to obtain intelligence of an obscure young man like Luke. He contented himself with giving her what he thought would be better comfort.

"Mrs. Frederick Massingbird will be returning in the course of a few months, and I think she may bring news of him. Should she not, I will see what inquiries can be made."

"Will she be coming soon, sir?"

"In two or three months, I should suppose. The Miss Wests may be able to tell you more definitely, if they have heard from her."

"Thank you, sir; then I'll wait till she's home. You'll not tell Roy that I have been up here, sir?"

"Not I," said Lionel. "I was debating, when you came in, whether I should not turn Roy off the estate altogether. His past conduct to the men has been disgraceful."

"Ay, it has, sir! But it was my fate to marry him, and I have had to look on in quiet, and see things done, not daring to say as my soul's my own. It's not my fault, sir."

Lionel knew that it was not. He pitied her, rather than blamed.

"Will you go into the servants' hall and get something after your walk?" he asked kindly.

"No, sir, many thanks. I don't want to see the servants. They might get telling that I have been here."

She faded out from his presence, her pale, sad face, her evidently deep sorrow, whatever might be its source, making a vivid impression upon Lionel. But for that sad face, he might have seen more harshly with her husband. And so Roy was tolerated still.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BACK AGAIN!

Lionel Verner had pleaded an engagement, as an excuse for quitting his mother's drawing-room and her guests. It must have been

at home, we must suppose, for he took his way straight towards Verner's Pledge, entering through the village as if he had leisure to look about him, his thoughts deep in his projected improvements.

Here, a piece of stagnant water was to be filled in; there, was the site of his new tenements; yonder, was the spot for a projected library and reading-room; on, he walked, throwing his glances everywhere. As he neared the shop of Mrs. Duff, a man came suddenly in view, facing him: a little man, in a suit of rusty black, and a white neckcloth, with a pale face and red whiskers, whom Lionel remembered to have seen once before, a day or two previously. As soon as he caught sight of Lionel he turned short off, crossed the street, and darted out of sight down the Belvidere Road.

"That looks as though he wanted to avoid me," thought Lionel. "I wonder who he may be? Do you know who that man is, Mrs. Duff?" asked he aloud. For that lady was taking the air at her shop-door, and had watched the movement.

"I don't know much about him, sir. He has been a stopping in the place this day or two. What did I hear his name was, again?" asked Mrs. Duff, putting her fingers to her temples in a considering fit. "Jarrum, I think. Yes, that was it. Brother Jarrum, sir."

"Brother Jarrum?" repeated Lionel, uncertain whether the "Brother" might be spoken in a social point of view, or was a name bestowed upon the gentleman in baptism.

"He's a missionary from abroad, or something of that sort, sir. He is come to see what he can do towards converting us."

"Oh, indeed," said Lionel, his lip curling with a smile. The man's face had not taken the least notice of him; he had been too busy to avoid meeting people. Mrs. Duff.

"He has got cross eyes," responded Mrs. Duff. "Perhaps that's a reason he mayn't like to look gentlefolks in the face, sir."

"Where does he come from?"

"Well, now, sir, I did hear," replied Mrs. Duff, putting on her considering cap again. "It were some religious place, sir, that's talked of a good deal in the Bible. Jericho, were it? No. It began with a J, though. Oh, I have got it, sir! It were Jerusalem. He comes all the way from Jerusalem."

"Where is he lodging?" continued Lionel.

"He has been lodging at the George and Dragon, sir. But to-day he have gone and took that spare room at the Peckabys have wanted to let, since their custom fell off."

"He means to make a stay, then?"

"It looks like it, sir. Susan Peckaby, she were in here half an hour ago, a-buying new ribbons for a cap, all agog with it. He's a going to hold forth in their shop, she says, and see how many of the parish he can turn into saints. I says it won't be a bad 'turn,' sir, if it keeps the men from the beer houses."

Lionel laughed as he went on. He supposed it was a new movement that would have its brief day and then be over, leaving results neither good nor bad behind it; and he dismissed the man from his memory.

He walked on in the elasticity of his youth and health. All nature seemed to be smiling around him. Outward things take their hue very much from the inward feelings, and Lionel felt happier than he had done for months and months. Had the image of Lucy Tempest anything to do with this? No—nothing. He had not yet grown to love Lucy in that idolizing manner, as to bring her ever present to him. He was thinking of the change in his own fortunes; he cast his eyes around to the right and the left, and they rested on his own domains—domains which had for a time been wrested from him; and as his quick steps rung on the frosty road, his heart went up in thankfulness to the Giver of all good.

Just before he reached Verner's Pledge, he overtook Mr. Bitterworth, who was leaning against a road-side gate. He had been attacked by sudden giddiness, he said, and asked Lionel to give him an arm home. Lionel proposed that he should come in and remain for a while at Verner's Pledge; but Mr. Bitterworth preferred to go home.

"It is one of my bilious attacks coming on," he remarked, as they went along. "I have not had a bad one for this four months."

Lionel took him safe home, and remained with him for some time, talking; the chief theme being his own contemplated improvements; of that topic, Lionel never tired. Altogether, it was late when he reached Verner's Pledge. Night had set in, and his dinner was waiting.

He ate it hurriedly—he mostly did eat hurriedly when he was alone, as if he were glad to get it over—Tynn waiting on him. Tynn liked to wait upon his young master. Tynn had been in a state of glowing delight since the accession of Lionel. Attached to the old family, Tynn had felt it almost as keenly as Lionel himself, when the estate had lapsed to the Massingbirds. Mrs. Tynn was in a glow of delight also. There was no mistress, and she ruled the household, including Tynn.

The dinner gone away and the wine on the table, Lionel drew his chair in front of the fire, and fell into a train of thought, leaving the wine untouched. Full half an hour had he thus sat, when the entrance of Tynn aroused him. He poured out a glass, and raised it to his lips. Tynn bore a note on his silver waiter.

"Mistress's boy has just brought it, sir. He is waiting to know whether there's any answer."

Lionel opened the note, and was reading it, when a sound of carriage wheels came rattling on to the terrace, passed the windows, and stopped at the hall-door.

"Who can be paying me a visit to-night, I wonder?" cried he. "Go and see, Tynn."

"It sounded like one of them rattling cart-horse flies from the railway station," was Tynn's comment, as he left the room.

Whoever it might be, they appeared pretty

long in entering, and Lionel, very curiously, longed to see who it was. He was on the point of going out to see, when the door opened, and a lovely vision glided forward. A young, fair face and form, clothed in deep mourning, with a shower of golden curls shading her damask cheeks. For one single moment, Lionel was lost in the beauty of the visitor. Then he recognized her, before Tynn's announcement was heard; and his heart leaped as if it would burst its bounds.

"Mrs. Massingbird, sir?"

Leaped within him fast and furiously. His pulses throbbed, his blood coursed on, and his face went hot and cold with its emotion. Had he been fondly perceiving himself, during the past months, that she was forgotten? Truly the present moment rarely undeceived him!

Tynn shut the door, leaving them alone. Lionel was not so agitated as to forget the courtesies of life. He shook hands with her, and in the impulse of the moment called her Sibylla; and then bit his tongue for doing it.

She burst into tears. There, as he held her hand, she lifted her lovely face to him with a yearning, pleading look.

"Oh, Lionel! you will give me a home, won't you?"

What was he to say? He could not, in that first instant, abruptly say to her—no, you cannot have a home here. Lionel could not hurt the feelings of any one.

"Sit down, Mrs. Massingbird," he gently said, drawing an easy chair to the fire. "You have quite taken me by surprise. When did you land?"

She threw off her bonnet, shook back those golden curls, and sat down in the chair, a large heavy shawl on her shoulders.

"I will not take it off yet," she said, in a plaintive voice. "I am very cold."

She shivered slightly. Lionel drew her chair yet nearer the fire, and brought a foot-stool for her feet. Repeating his question as he did so.

"We reached Liverpool late yesterday, and I started for home this morning," she answered, her eyelashes wet still, as she gazed into the fire. "What a miserable journey it has been!" she added, turning to Lionel. "A miserable voyage out; a miserable ending!"

"Are you aware of the changes that have taken place since you left?" he asked. "Your aunt is dead."

"Yes, I know it," she answered. "They told me at the station just now. That lame porter came up and knew me; and his first news to me was, that Mrs. Verner was dead. What a greeting! I was coming home here to live with her."

"You could not have received my letter; one which I wrote at the request of Mrs. Verner in answer to yours."

"What was in it?" she asked. "I received no letter from you."

"It contained a remittance. It was sent, I say, in answer to yours, in which you requested money should be forwarded for your home passage. You did not wait for it?"

"I was tired of waiting. I was sick for home. And one day, when I had been crying more than usual, Mrs. Eyre said to me, that if I were so anxious to go, there need be no difficulty about the passage money. That they would advance me any amount I might require. Oh, I was so glad! I came away by the next ship."

"Why did you not write, saying that you were coming?"

"I did not think it mattered—and I knew I had this home to come to. If I had had to go to my old home again at papa's, then I should have written. I should have seemed like an intruder arriving at their house, and have deemed it necessary to warn them of it."

"You heard in Australia of Mr. Verner's death, I presume?"

"I heard of that; and that my husband had inherited Verner's Pledge. Of course I thought I had a right to come to this home, though he was dead. I suppose it is yours now?"

"Yes."

"Who lives here?"

"Only myself."

"Have I a right to live here—as Frederick's widow?" she continued, lifting her large blue eyes anxiously at Lionel. "I mean would the law give it me?"

"No," he replied, in a low tone. He felt that the truth must be told to her without disguise. She was placing both him and herself in an embarrassing situation.

"Was there any money left to me?—or to Frederick?"

"None to you. Verner's Pledge was left to your husband. But at his demise it came to me."

"Did my aunt leave me nothing?"

"She had nothing to leave, Mrs. Massingbird. The settlement which Mr. Verner executed on her, when they married, was only for her life. It lapsed back to the Verner's Pledge revenues when she died."

"Then I am left without a shilling to the mercy of the world?"

Lionel felt for her—felt for her rather more than was safe. He began planning in his own mind how he could secure for her an income from the Verner's Pledge estate, without her knowing whence it came. Frederick Massingbird had been its heir for a short time or four months, and Lionel's sense of justice revolted against his widow being thrown on the world, as she expressed it, without a shilling.

"The revenues of the estate, during the short time that elapsed between Mr. Verner's death and your husband's, are undoubtedly yours, Mrs. Massingbird," he said. "I will see Matine about it, and they shall be paid over."

"How long will it be first?"

"A few days, possibly. In a note which I received, just now, from Matine, he tells me he is starting for London, but will be home

the beginning of the week. It shall be arranged on his return."

"Thank you. And, until then, I may stay here?"

Lionel was at a nonplus. It is not a pleasing thing to tell a lady that she must quit her home, in which, like a stray lamb, she has taken refuge. Even though it be, for her own fair sake, expedient that she should go.

"I am here alone," said Lionel, after a pause. "Your temporary home had better be with your sisters."

"No, that it never shall," returned Sibylla in a hasty tone of fear. "I will never go home to them, now papa's away. Why did he go? They told me at the station that he was gone, and Jan was dejected."

"Dr. West is travelling on the continent, as medical attendant and companion to a nobleman. At least—I think I heard it was a nobleman," continued Lionel. "I am really not sure."

"And you would like me to go home to those two cross, fault-finding sisters!" she resumed. "They would reproach me all day long with coming home to be kept. As if it were my fault that I am left without anything. Oh, Lionel! don't turn me out! Let me stay till I can see what is to be done for myself. I shall not hurt you. It would have been all mine had Frederick lived."

He really did not know what to do. Every moment there seemed to grow less chance that she would leave the house. A bright thought darted into his mind. It was, that he would get his mother or Decima to come and stay with him for a time.

"What would you like to take?" he inquired. "Mrs. Tynn will get you anything you wish. I—"

"Nothing yet," she interrupted. "I could not eat; I am too unhappy. I will take some tea presently, but not until I am warmer. I am very cold."

She covered over the fire again, shivering much. Lionel, saying he had a note to write, which was in a hurry, sat down to a distant table. He penned a few hasty lines to his mother, telling her that Mrs. Massingbird had come, under the impression that she was coming to Mrs. Verner, and that he could not well turn her out that night, fatigued and poorly as she appeared to him to be. He begged his mother to come to him, for a day or two in the emergency, or to send Decima.

An under-current of conviction ran in Lionel's mind during the time of writing it, that his mother would not come. He doubted even whether she would allow Decima to come. He drove the thought away from him; but the impression remained. Carrying the note out of the room when written, he despatched it to Deerham Court by a mounted groom. As he was returning to the dining-room he encountered Mrs. Tynn.

"I hear Mrs. Massingbird has arrived, sir," cried she.

"Yes," replied Lionel. "She will like some tea presently. She appears very much fatigued."

"Is the luggage to be taken up-stairs, sir?" she continued, pointing to the pile in the hall. "Is she going to stay here?"

Lionel really did not know what answer to make.

"She came, expecting to stay," he said, after a pause. "She did not know but your mistress was still here. Should she remain, I dare say Lady Verner, or my sister, will join her. You have beds ready?"

"Plenty of them, sir, at five minutes' notice."

When Lionel entered the room, Sibylla was in the same attitude, shivering over the fire. Unnaturally cold she appeared to be, and yet her cheeks were brilliantly bright, as if with a touch of fever.

"I fear you have caught cold on the journey to-day," he said.

"I don't think so," she answered. "I am cold from nervousness. I went cold at the station when they told me that my aunt was dead, and I have been shivering ever since. Never mind me: it will go off presently."

Lionel drew a chair to the other side of the fire, compassionately regarding her. He could have found in his heart to take her in his arms, and warm her there.

"What was that about a codicil?" she suddenly asked him. "When my aunt wrote to me upon Mr. Verner's death, she said that a codicil had been lost; or that otherwise the estate would have been yours."

Lionel explained it to her. Concealing nothing.

"Then—if that codicil had been forthcoming, Frederick's share would have been but five hundred pounds?"

"That is all."

"It was very little to leave him," she musingly rejoined.

"And still less to leave me, considering my nearer relationship—my nearer claims. When the codicil could not be found, the will had to be acted upon: and five hundred pounds was all the sum it gave me."

"Has the codicil never been found?"

"Never."

"How very strange! What became of it, do you think?"

"I wish I could think what," replied Lionel. "Although Verner's Pledge has come to me without it, it would be satisfactory to solve the mystery."

Sibylla looked around cautiously, and sunk her voice. "Could Tynn or his wife have done anything with it? You say they were present when it was signed."

"Most decidedly they did not. Both of them were anxious that I should succeed."

"It is so strange! To lock a paper up in a desk, and for it to disappear of its own accord! The moths could not have got in and eaten it?"

"Scarcely," smiled Lionel. "The day before your aunt died, she—"

"Don't talk of that," interrupted Mrs. Massingbird. "I will hear about her death to-morrow. I shall be ill if I cry much to-night."

She sunk into silence, and Lionel did not

interrupt it. It continued, until his quick ears caught the sound of the groom's return. The man rode his horse round to the stables at once. Presently Tynn came in with a note. It was from Lady Verner. A few lines, written hastily with a pencil.

"I do not understand your request, Lionel, or why you make it. Whatever may be my opinion of Frederick Massingbird's widow, I will not insult her sense of propriety by supposing that she would attempt to remain at Verner's Pledge now her aunt is dead. It is absurd of you to ask me to come: neither shall I send Decima. Were I and Decima residing with you, it would not be the place for Sibylla Massingbird. She has her own home to go to."

There was no signature. Lionel knew his mother's handwriting too well to require the addition. It was just the note that he might have expected her to write.

"What was he to do?" In the midst of his ruminations, Sibylla rose.

"I am warm now," she said. "I should like to go up-stairs and take this heavy shawl off."

Lionel rang the bell for Mrs. Tynn. And Sibylla left the room with her.

"I'll get her sisters here!" he suddenly exclaimed, the thought of them darting into his mind. "They will be the proper persons to explain to her the inexpediency of her remaining here. Poor girl! she does not think of it in her fatigue and grief."

He did not give it a second thought, but snatched his hat and went down himself to Dr. West's with as long as Jan's. Entering the general sitting-room without ceremony, his eyes fell upon a supper-table and Master Cheese; the latter regaling himself upon apple-puffs to his heart's content.

"Where are the Miss Wests?" asked Lionel.

"Gone to a party," responded the young gentleman, as soon as he could get his mouth sufficiently empty to speak.

"Where to?"

"To Highbury, sir. It's a ball at old Thimblethigh's, the doctor's. They are gone off in grey gowns, with branches of white flowers hanging to their curls, and they call that mourning. The fly is to bring them back at two in the morning. They left these apple-puffs for me and Jan. Jan said he should not want any; he'd eat meat; so I have got his share and mine!"

Master Cheese appeared to be enjoying the shares, too. Lionel left him to it, and went thoughtfully back to Verner's Pledge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

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THE REBEL MOVEMENTS.

It is the evident policy of the rebel leaders to obtain some positive advantages from their recent successes, before the heavy reinforcements called for by President Lincoln shall have been placed in the field. Thus we have an invasion of the North attempted, both in the East and the West.

As we write this, the immediate success or failure of these movements is yet problematical. In the East we have a report that the rebels are recrossing the Potomac into Virginia, while in the West an attack upon Cincinnati has been hourly expected. We also have advices that the Federal forces in Tennessee have commenced a movement to attack the rear of Kirby Smith's rebel army, which is menacing Cincinnati, and that the rebels have retreated.

We have said that it is the evident policy of the rebel leaders to take advantage of their recent successes to invade the North—but we do not mean to say that it is a wise policy.

In fact we think the wisdom is rather the other way—though we grant that the temptations to it are so very great as to be almost irresistible. Given, on the one hand, a rebel army, half-clothed, half-shod, half-fed, and on the other side of the border-line, a fertile country, abounding in clothes, shoes, and breadstuffs, certainly the projected movement of one upon the other might be considered as the natural result of laws almost as powerful as the attraction of gravitation.

And yet we are inclined to doubt the wisdom of such a movement, considered from the rebel standpoint. For while we admit the honey is very good—we should doubt, if we were a rebel, the wisdom of arousing the bees.

Looking at an invasion of the North from the Union standpoint, we confess we see nothing to be very greatly alarmed at, so far as the ultimate fortunes of the Federal cause are concerned. It may not be very pleasant—for that matter it may be decidedly unpleasant—to us who have the good or bad fortune to live along the border line. But, on the other hand, nothing rouses a people, and calls out its utmost energies, like an invasion. Pennsylvania has contributed, we suppose, 130,000 men already to the war, of whom at least 80,000 must still be fit for duty. But, if Pennsylvania be invaded, she can easily raise 100,000—perhaps 150,000—more. And the same influence will pervade all the other

free states, strong in proportion to their proximity to the border line, and enabling them to raise thousands of fresh soldiers just as easily as they now raise hundreds.

It is a question that has enabled the rebel states to call out their whole able-bodied population—recommending the people to make a dire necessity—and invasion would recommence the loyal states to the same thing. Besides, invasion would probably lead to the brain and hand of the loyal states a comprehension, determination and energy which we regret to say, the verdict of events proves that they greatly lack.

Doubtless the clearest-headed of the rebel leaders see all this—but then there is also much to be said in favor of an invasion of the North, and the popular feeling in the rebel states doubtless sets very strongly in favor of offensive movements.

We think however the rebel generals will find some difference, if they come, between carrying on military movements in a friendly and well-known, and a hostile and unknown country. And they will hardly gain new friends, or convert the lukewarm, by letting a swarm of

A GEN ADRIFT.

The following poem is floating about without name or owner—

"I burn my soul away!"
So spoke the Rose, and smiled: "within my
cup
All day the sunbeams fall in flame—all day
They drink my sweetness up."
"I sigh my soul away!"
The Lily said: "all night the moonbeams pale
Steel sword and round on, whispering in their
play
An all too tender tale!"
"I give my soul away!"
The Violet said: "the west wind wanders on,
The north wind comes, I know not what they
say.
And yet my soul is gone!"
Oh, Post burn away
Thy fervent soul! find Lover at the feet
Of her thou lovest, sigh! dear Christian, pray—
And let the world be sweet!

THE MALZAHN NECKLACE,
AND OTHER LEGENDS.

I believe there is no country in the world utterly devoid of superstition in one form or other. Germany is generally considered to be the land of legends and traditions, yet the part in which I have lately resided, in I think, the least poetical corner of Europe. In Silesia, which was formerly a Polish province, scarcely is a vestige of ancient grandeur to be found, and nothing can be more matter of fact, unrelieved by the least fancy or imagination, than both the habits and tastes of its inhabitants; yet even there, amidst those arid plains, romance, tradition, fiction, call it what you will, has found some small channel, and from time to time threads its way through the commonplace tale-tattle of this most prosaic era.

Whilst staying at the small garrison town of N—, I was invited to a "coffee party," an entertainment generally given to ladies alone, the unfair sex being rigorously excluded. The Frau Landrathin von G— had assembled round her hospitable board a numerous party of ladies from the neighborhood, and extensive were the preparations made for their delectation. The younger members of the circle might probably have considered that an invasion of some of the uniformed youths, of whom the town was then full, would not altogether have marred the enjoyment of the endless refreshments set before them; but the rule of exclusion was stringent as the laws of the Medes and Persians, so they were fain to make the best of existing circumstances, and while away the time by discussing the respective merits of absent friends—male and female. A little scandal, or "Klatschen," as it is called in German, is a necessary ingredient in all small assemblies, and if report speaks truly, is an amusement not exclusively confined to the weaker sex.

On this occasion the conversation became all the more lively for being interspersed with repeated sips at that delectable composition called "Bowle." This is a beverage of which thine wine, pine apple sugar, and champagne form the principal ingredients; when mixed with due skill and science, the flavor is ambrosial, and it is particularly favored by the ladies as being more delicate and refined than the ordinary vinous beverages.

Who knows how many characters would have been torn to pieces, or matches made or even unmade, on that afternoon, had not our good hostess chanced to express her admiration of a pearl necklace, of great value, worn by one of her guests: "It is more curious than beautiful," rejoined the wearer, "you know it is the famous Malzahn necklace."

"What, the necklace?" exclaimed all the ladies, in chorus. "Oh, pray let us see it!"

Inquired into the cause of all this curiosity, and as a few besides myself professed ignorance of the generally well-known story, the Countess was kind enough to relate it for our benefit.

"You must know, then," said she, "that one of our ancestors, a Count Malzahn, inhabited, at a very remote period, the Castle of Miltach, in Silesia. He was married to a very beautiful young lady, and in due course of time became the happy father of a son and heir, whose birth was greeted by the most joyous festivities in Castle and Hall.

Shortly after the child's birth, as the young mother had fallen into a deep slumber, she had a strange dream or vision, which made so deep an impression on her mind, that she could not refrain from relating it the next day. She dreamed that a little dwarf had appeared at the bottom of her couch, and that he had begged and prayed her in the most piteous tones to have her baby's cradle removed from the spot on which it stood, as the rocking, he said, disturbed his wife, who was very ill, and could not sleep for the noise. The poor Countess only got laughed at for her foolish dream. The next night, however, her troublesome guest reappeared, this time urging his request with still greater earnestness; she therefore determined no longer to withstand his entreaties, and the next day had the baby and his cradle removed to the other end of the room. The ensuing night, the little man visited her again in her dreams, but this time in high spirits, thanking her profusely for her kind acquiescence in his wishes, and assuring her that his wife was already fast recovering in consequence.

The Countess was well pleased when the vision disappeared, and left her for some time in peace; the relief, however, was not of long duration, as a few weeks later the poor lady's dreams were again disturbed by the same apparition. This time the little dwarf had no intention of again dislodging the poor baby or his cradle, but he made strong objections to the nurse's habit of throwing away the water from the child's bath through the ordinary channel. He declared that every par-

title of it pattered down, drop by drop, on his unfortunate wife's head, and that if the Countess would not deign to order her servants to throw away the child's bath on some other spot, his beloved wife must perish. The good Countess got rather impatient at these constant appeals to her good-nature, and determined not to be so foolish as to attach any importance to a mere dream; but the little man was not to be so easily put off—he appeared to her every evening, and was so importunate that, for the sake of peace and quietness, she was fain to order the child's bath to be emptied in another corner of the castle. No sooner had this taken place, than once more the little man presented himself to her in her dreams, thanking her most gratefully for her kindness.

"My wife is now quite restored," added he, "all danger is past. This blessing I owe to you, most gracious lady, and I wish to offer you a small token of my gratitude. Deign to accept this necklace—it ought never to go out of your family, and if kept, it will always foretell the death of the Countess Malzahn, by one of its pearls turning black by degrees, at the demise of each lady of this race."

"When the young Countess awoke, what was her surprise to perceive a pearl necklace lying on the coverlet before her! This very same necklace that I now wear is the ominous present of the troublesome little dwarf!"

"My story is not at an end yet," added the Countess, smiling, as she was about to be interrupted. She resumed.

"Some hundred years ago, a very rough, wild Count Malzahn, was proprietor of the Chateau of Miltach. He was a great sportsman, and fond of heavy potations, as gentlemen were wont to be in those days. He often had a wild, noisy set of companions about him, and thus scared away from his table his delicate, refined, and beautiful young wife. One evening, when these rough sportsmen had been drinking hard around the oaken table in the tower of Miltach Castle, the conversation happened to turn upon the mysterious necklace, which had acquired great celebrity from the fact that whenever a Countess of Malzahn died, one of the pearls really did turn black. Some questions arose as to the quality of the stones, it having been asserted by jewelers that although bearing a strong resemblance to pearls, the stones were of no earthly composition, and so hard that it was perfectly impossible to break them. At the request of his guests, the Count sent to his lady, begging her to lend her necklace for their inspection. She did not like to part with it, and made an excuse; whereupon her lord and master waxed wrath, and ordered her to send him the trinket, on pain of his serious displeasure. The poor Countess complied, though unwillingly; the necklace was brought, handed about, and examined, and many were the bets made as to its solidity. One of the knights declared he could split one of the pearls with his sword. Wagers were laid for and against—he struck the blow with dreadful violence, but the pearl remained unscathed. Suddenly, however, a dreadful peal of thunder was heard; the lightning struck upon the old tower, where they were seated, which crumbled to pieces, burying the half-drunken knights under the rush of falling stones. Many were drawn out merely wounded, but the imprudent knight who had tried his strength on unearthly things was struck dead. The pearl necklace was found, and, as you see, has been ever since carefully preserved, but they never have been able to rebuild the tower of Miltach. It is said that whatever part of it is built during the day, falls in during the night; so that after many fruitless attempts to overcome the spell, it has been given up altogether. The only certain part of the story is," added the Countess, "that this old necklace still retains its strange power of marking the death of each successive owner, by one of its pearls turning black. I often look at them, to see if another pearl is not beginning to assume a gray tint, which will be the sure sign of my approaching death!"

We all looked with much interest at the handsome features of the amiable old lady, who had so kindly related this family legend for our benefit, and heartily wished that her pearls might long retain their pure white hue, which strongly contrasted with the color of the seventeen that have already put on their mourning for the deceased chateaux, and which really have a very dingy tint.

The die was cast—strange stories had become the order of the evening. The formerly interesting topics of family quarrels, suspected flirtations, misbehaved servants, &c., had suddenly lost their charm, and a tide of family traditions and ghost stories came rushing in from all sides, a torrent which nothing but the fear of late hours and bad roads could stem. I will only record the tales which struck me as most authentic, because they were told by members of the families in which they had occurred.

"You all know that beautiful picture of my brother-in-law, the Baron Tetian, which hangs in the picture gallery at home, do you not?" inquired a pale, delicate-looking lady, with light blue eyes and flaxen hair. "That picture was painted by Angelica Kaufmann, and is considered to be one of her best works. He is taken in full uniform, as a smart young officer of the Guards, which he then was, and his portrait was painted on the occasion of his marriage, which, unfortunately, gave him but a short span of happiness, as his young wife died a year after, leaving him a sweet little daughter in token of her love. This child was brought up in the country, under the surveillance of a governess, and very near to the residence of her grandmother, the old Baroness von Tetian."

"We were one evening all assembled at supper, that is to say, all except my brother-in-law, who had just joined his regiment, and was daily expecting to take an active part in the contest against Napoleon's hated troops. His mother looked up with tender and admiring eyes at the handsome portrait hanging opposite to her, and exclaimed with a sigh, 'Where may my poor Franz be just now?' The tears gathering fast in her eyes at

the thought of the perils he was about to encounter. Scarcely had the words been spoken when a crash was heard, and down came the picture! Strange to say, the nail on which it had hung had not moved: it seemed to have been jolted off the hook by a sudden jerk. We were all depressed by this unaccountable accident, and I had some difficulty in calming my poor mother-in-law, who persisted in regarding it as an omen that something dreadful had happened: her fears were but too soon verified. A few days later the news reached us that my brother-in-law had been sent to reconnoitre, and that a stray shot had killed him on the spot, at the very hour when his portrait had fallen down at his father's home."

"Time, which heals all wounds, even the deepest, had passed over this sad circumstance, and we were once more seated together at supper in the same dining-room as before. It was rather late, for we had been paying a visit to the little orphan girl, Baron Tetian's daughter, and had waited there to speak with the doctor, as she had not been well: he declared, however, that she was much better, quite free from fever, and assured us that there was not the slightest cause for anxiety. We therefore returned home, and as I said before, were seated at supper, when again a crash, and without any apparent cause, down came my brother-in-law's portrait to the ground. This time our alarm was excusable: we at once despatched a messenger on horseback to inquire after the little girl, but he returned almost immediately, having been met half-way by the bearer of a message from the governess, conveying the shocking intelligence that the dear little child had died suddenly in a fit!"

"It will readily be believed that my brother-in-law's portrait, beautiful as it was, had now become an object of superstition, almost of aversion, in the family: it was therefore removed from the dining-room, and carefully hung in a large hall filled with family pictures, which we call 'the gallery.' My husband had selected a place for it over the entrance-door, where it was partly hidden, as he wished to spare his poor mother as much as possible the painful reminiscences which the sight of the fatal picture was sure to awaken."

"Many years elapsed—indeed, it is but ten years ago since my much-regretted father-in-law died; my poor husband was, as you all know, deeply afflicted at his loss. He tended his poor father through his last illness with the most devoted affection and tenderness, and after the last sad parting, when we women, overcome with sorrow and fatigue, had retired to our rooms, he still remained sitting by his father's corpse. After some time he became uneasy, and could no longer bear the dread silence of the chamber of death: he got up, paced to and fro, and almost unconsciously bent his steps towards the gallery: he endeavored to enter, but some impediment closed the way: he pushed the door with force, and in so doing removed his brother's picture, which had again fallen to the floor!"

"Since that time no death in the family has occurred, but we are of course all convinced that the same thing will happen when any one of us is called to his or her last account."

This lady's story was told with so much simplicity and good feeling that all present were impressed with the conviction of its truthfulness, the more so that the narrator bears the highest character for veracity and straightforwardness.

Another tale related on this occasion is to be found in many old German books, but except to readers well versed in the lore of ancient German legend it is probably quite unknown. It was told me by a near and dear friend of mine, a member of the family to whom this tradition belongs, and a person in whose veracity I place the greatest possible confidence. Thus, then, runs the tale:

"In olden times there lived a most beautiful, pious, and amiable Frau von Alvensleben, who was respected and beloved by her friends and the high and mighty of the land, and looked up to and adored by her dependants and the poor, who for many miles around felt the benefit of her loving charities. This favorite of fortune and nature had, however, one drop of gall mixed in her cup of happiness, which had well nigh embittered the whole of her precious life. She was childless, and it was no small grief to her beloved lord as well as to herself to be denied an heir to their noble name and vast possessions. Frequently, when more than usually oppressed by sad thoughts, she would wander forth and seek in assuaging the sorrows of others a relief to her own painful reflections. On one occasion, as in pensive mood she was returning from one of these charitable visits to the sick and poor of her villages, her way led through a long avenue of well-grown trees bordering the banks of the Elbe. Slowly she walked with eyes cast on the ground, when her steps were suddenly arrested by a little dwarf, who stood respectfully before her. She was startled at first, but, seeing him look smilingly at her, she soon regained her composure, and in a kind manner asked him what he wanted."

"Most gracious lady," quoth the dwarf, "all I wish is to give you brighter hopes, and to foretell that your future will be as happy as you deserve. Within a year from this time you will be blest with three sons at a birth [drinking]. I pray you to accept this ring," continued he, handing her a large gold ring most curiously wrought; "I have it divided into three equal parts, and when your sons are of an age to understand the trust, give one piece to each of them to keep as a talisman against evil. As long as it remains in the family the Alvenslebens will prosper."

"With these words the kind little man disappeared; but his prophecy was realized, and his injunctions were carefully obeyed. The three sons lived to form the source of three distinct lines of the Alvensleben family, and are distinguished by the names of the Black, the White, and the Red line."

"Years—nay, centuries—rolled by, but the three pieces of the ring were carefully preserved by the descendants of the three brothers. The age of superstition had now passed away. Frederick the Great was mighty, and he scoffed at all things; Voltaire, his friend and teacher, assented at every species of belief, and the courtiers thought it becoming to imitate their master and his favorite."

"A gay party was seated on the balcony of the Castle of Randau, which overhangs the muddy-colored, shallow, and yet sometimes treacherous, river Elbe. Among the company were several gay young officers of the Royal Hussars, then stationed at Magdeburg, who had ridden over to pay their devotions to the fair lady of the manor, the Frau von Alvensleben of the Red line, a famous beauty at Frederick's court. Although the mother of three fine boys, her beauty was at its zenith, and her sharp, ready wit and satirical, skeptical turn of mind had won for her as many admirers as her rare personal attractions."

"I never believe in anything that I do not see or feel," said the lady, with a bright laugh, continuing an animated conversation about second sight and ghost-seers; "nor do I care just now to believe in anything but that these strawberries are delicious," said she, holding up a ruddy berry; "that the air is pure and balmy, my companions most agreeable, and life altogether very charming and enjoyable."

"Would that life were made up of such moments," sighed her nearest neighbor, with an ardent glance; "but, alas! we must bend to so many influences beyond our own control!"

"Not a whit," retorted the lively lady, "Jeder ist seines Glückes Schmied" (every one forges his own happiness,) saith the proverb."

"How can you say that, fairest of chateaux, when you know that the happiness of each of us is dependant upon your goodwill," responded one of the gallants."

"And," added the Major von Eulenberg, a somewhat more sedate admirer, "you yourself, madame, must not forget that you are living under the spell of the famous Alvensleben ring; if you were to lose it, who knows what might happen?"

"Alter schutet von Thorheit nich" (age is no preservative against folly), "I see," answered the beauty, partly tossing her head. "Do you think I am such an idiot as really to believe in this silly story of the ring? I thought my sentiments were better known, and to prove to you how free from superstition I am?"

"* * * she ran into the room through the open folded doors, hastily unlocked a casket with a small golden key, which hung from her neck-chain, and swiftly returning, made a comical low curtsy to the circle of gentlemen, and, with a graceful movement, flung what she had in her hand down into the rushing river at her feet—"There," she cried exultingly, "there goes the token of old superstition, which has too long been treasured in our family; there goes the famous ring, and may the Alvenslebens evermore depend upon themselves for their good luck and prosperity!"

"The act was greeted with bravos, and warm expressions of admiration at the strength of mind she had exhibited, by the young officers, whose only wish was to flatter and please the star of the day; yet some in their hearts disapproved, others felt as if a blank had fallen on their spirits, and though outwardly merry, the party separated with far less jovial feelings than they had ever before experienced within the walls of Randau."

"Six weeks afterwards, this laughing, scoffing beauty was bent low in sadness and sorrow. She had in that short period lost her husband and her three sons, all of whom were suddenly carried off by a virulent fever. It is not known whether she connected this sad bereavement with her imprudent act, but probably her haughty skepticism received a shock, for she renounced the world, and ever after led a life of sorrow and seclusion. Thus ended the Red line of the Alvenslebens."

"The members of the Black line, shocked by this sad occurrence, and fearful lest some accident might cause the loss of so small an object as the third part of a ring, had it melted among other gold and moulded into a goblet or 'Pokal,' which the sole survivors of that line still possess. Their star, however, has fallen, and from the prosperous and numerous family which then flourished, and was in possession of nearly half the province of Magdeburg, but two descendants in middling circumstances now exist. The last member of importance of that line, was the highly esteemed Minister of State under Frederick Wilhelm III., Count Albert Alvensleben, who died at so late a period as 1838."

"The members of the White line have been the wisest of the three; they still carefully preserve among the family archives in their Castle of Erleben, near Magdeburg, their precious share of the little dwarf's present. This family is among the most highly esteemed and beloved of the old nobles of Prussia; highly favored and truly loved by their monarch, many of them still hold important offices in the army and state, and the White line still counts thirty or forty members."

It was not without regret that we broke up the circle round the coffee table; these and other tales had made us forget the flight of time, and if they have for a moment amused my readers, I am richly repaid for the slight trouble of transcribing them."

DUELING IN HAYTI.—Duels are not usual in Hayti. A white resident at Port-au-Prince, whose acquaintance I made, informed me that he once received a challenge from a Haytian. He was very much astonished at it, as he could not recollect of having given any cause for it.

He inquired why it was sent.

The challenger replied, because he believed that he—the white man—did not like him!

HOW A SMALL ARMY BEATS A LARGE ONE.

In 1799 Napoleon dined with Moreau at Gohier's, one of the Directory. Conscious of his own superiority, and solicitous to gain the powerful co-operation of Moreau, he made the first advances, and with great courtesy, expressed the great desire he felt to make his acquaintance. [See Abbott's History of Napoleon, vol. 1, page 250.]

"You have returned victorious from Egypt," replied Moreau, "and I from Italy after a great defeat. It was the month which Gen. Loubert passed in Paris, after his marriage, which caused our disasters. This gave the allies time to reduce Mantua, and to bring up the force that besieged it to take part in the action. It is always the greater number which defeats the less."

"True," rejoined Napoleon, "it is always the greater number which beats the less."

"And yet," said Gohier, "with small armies you have frequently defeated large ones."

"Even there," rejoined Napoleon, "it was always the inferior force which was defeated by the superior. When, with a small body of men I was in the presence of a large one, collecting my little band, I fell like lightning on the wings of the hostile army, and defeated it. Profiting by the disorder which such an event never failed to occasion in their whole line, I repeated the attack, with similar success, in another quarter, still with my whole force. I thus beat it in detail. The general victory, which was the result, was still an example of the truth of the principle that the greater force defeats the lesser."

This lesson was thundered into the ears of the astonished world for twenty years by Napoleon, and with practical results, sufficient, one would think, for all time; yet some of our generals who make books upon war seem never to have heard it. "Stonewall" Jackson understands it, and thus manages to delude our slow tacticians with the notion of his superior force."

After Austerlitz, the Emperor Alexander said to the French envoy, Savary:

"That day will take nothing from the reputation which your master has earned in so many battles. It was my first engagement. I confess that the rapidity of his manoeuvres never gave me time to succor the menaced points. Everywhere you were at least double the number of our forces."

"Sire," Savary replied, "our force was twenty-five thousand less than yours. And even at that, the whole was very warmly engaged. But we maneuvered much, and the same division combated at many different points. Therein lies the art of war."

FIGHT ON!

Say not the struggle naught availed,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faith,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dunes, fears may be hills!
It may be, in you smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fiend,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful task to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
Where daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR CLOUGH.

ABOUT WOMAN.

Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes folly—unmanned by a dew-droplet, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers are too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose! Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird—anything she loves or pities, to protect—and see her in a related instance, lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her into the dark places of the earth, call forth her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, pale and affrighted, shrinks away. Misfortune haunts her not: she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with low timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the centre from which radiates the great charm of existence.

LAUGHTER.

Since Adam, who invented laughter—doubtless when he awoke and found Eve by his side—no two men have laughed alike. The laugh is as distinct as the voice—perhaps more so, for the laugh of a full-bearded man is very different from that which he laughs when he has been clean shaven by a barber. Women laugh differently from men, children from women, and some writers even profess to detect national peculiarities in the laugh; as for instance, say they, the Frenchman laughs with his teeth, like the ape. The Abbe Damasceni thought he had discovered in the various enunciations of the laughter, a sure guide to the temperaments of the laughers. Thus, he said *ha ha ha* belonged to a choleric man, *he he he* to the phlegmatic, *hi hi hi* to the melancholic and *ho ho ho* to the sanguine. It is true that men laugh commonly in *A* and *O*, and women in *E* and *I*; and it is singular that with all people, even the Cockneys, the aspirate *H* precedes the vowel.

THE LOST KEY.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I say, Phillip, have you seen my post monnaie?"

Mr. Walter's brow contracted slightly at the words, and he drew away the hand which had been caressing his wife's pretty hair.

"Is that post monnaie lost again?"

"Now, Phillip," said the little woman, with a world of pretty penitence in the lengthened word, "don't scold. Upon my word, it's the first time I've mislaid it this whole morning."

"It is too provoking, Cora," said the impatient husband, pushing back the books on the table before him with a movement denoting intense irritation. "Will you never break yourself of this careless habit, my love?"

Cora was silent, looking down like a naughty child who had been chidden.

"You don't know what an annoyance these careless habits are to a methodical man like myself, dear," he added in a gentler tone, as the coral lip began to tremble and the eyes to suffuse. "Do try to be more thoughtful, for my sake. Here is your lost treasure," he added, quietly drawing a tiny case of pearls and gold from his pocket. "I found it lying on the stairs and thought it an excellent opportunity for giving my careless little wife a lesson."

Cora clasped her little hands at the sight of the restored treasure, and danced out of the room in girlish glee.

"A perfect child," murmured the husband, looking after her with a smile and a sigh, blending unconsciously into one another. "Well, if I don't make haste I shall be too late to meet that engagement on Cedar street. Let me see, the notes are in my secretary, I believe. Nothing like looking up things and keeping the keys yourself. If Clara only followed my example."

Mr. Walter paused abruptly, seeking in his various pockets, with nervous haste, for something which seemed not to be forthcoming.

"Very strange," muttered he, biting his lip. "I always put it in that vest pocket. Possibly I may have laid it on the table among those papers!"

The aforesaid papers rustled hither and thither like animated snow flakes as Mr. Walter hurriedly sought among their confused masses, but it was all in vain.

"I can't have lost it," he exclaimed, in dire perplexity. "And every one of those notes is locked up in the secretary, with no earthly chance of ever getting at them! But I am certain the key can't be lost—I never lose anything! It won't do to wait many more minutes, I'll just put on a clean shirt and run down town. Hang that key!"

Mr. Walter hastened to his room to complete the details of his toilet, ere he left the house, but his trials were not yet destined to terminate. He was a methodical man, therefore his bureau was carefully locked; he always kept things in one place, therefore the keys were snugly reposing in one corner of the inaccessible secretary.

He rushed frantically back to the library, hoping faintly that the key might be on the mantel-piece, where he had not yet searched. No—it was not there, but a treacherous inkstand was, the contents, whereof, by one unobtrusive sweep of the elbow, descended in an oblique cataract over his shirt bosom—the shirt bosom upon which alone he had depended.

"Well, here is a catastrophe!" he murmured, gloomily, snatching the ink fly with his pocket handkerchief. "However, I can button my coat over for the present. Let me see—there is that money I promised to pay to Smithson to-day, and—"

He stopped short, a cold dew of dismay breaking out on his forehead—the money drawer was a fixture of the wretched secretary! Penitence, shirless and paperless, what more desperate state of affairs could his worst enemy desire for him? There was a lower deep yet, however—would he not be characterized likewise if his wife should by any inopportune chance discover that he, the model of rule and order, had lost his key! So thought Mr. Walter as he strode off down town to a day of perplexities and mortifications.

"If ever I tease Cora again about losing things," he muttered inwardly, as he entered the tea-room on returning home, "I hope to be drowned with a hundred weight of keys about my neck! It's a judgment upon me!"

He unbuttoned his coat as he spoke, forgetful of the ink-stamps of the morning. Cora uttered a faint scream, and shrank back exclaiming—

"My dear Phillip, what is the matter with your shirt bosom to-night?"

"The matter? Oh!" said he, coloring and laughing. "I remember now—I split a little ink over it this morning. It don't signify much."

"Do let me get you another, dear?"

"No, no," said he, eagerly detaining her; "it isn't at all worth while. Do sit down and be easy, my love!"

But Cora started to carry her baby up to the nursery. Just as she reached the door something jingled softly in the pocket of her little silk apron—she stopped in the passage.

"Oh, by the way, Phillip, here is the key to your secretary. I found it on the dining-room table this afternoon, and," she added, with an arch sparkle of the eyes, "I thought it would be an excellent opportunity for giving my husband a lesson!"

She laid the key in his hand, and ran out of the room, as he recoiled involuntarily from the sound of his own pedantic words. As he contemplated the gleaming wards of the little steel mischief maker, in mingled delight and mortification, the echo of Cora's merry laughter on the stairs reached his ears like a chime of silver bells.

He laughed too—he couldn't help it!

Mrs. Cora Walter was a discreet little female. She never alluded to the subject of keys again, and her husband was never after known to reproach her for carelessness.

WANTED.

Back from the treble crimsoned field
Terrible words are thunder-tost,
Full of the wrath that will not yield,
Full of revenge for battles lost!
Hark to the echo, as it crost
The Capital, making faces wan;
"End this murderous holocaust;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

"Give us a Man of God's own mould,
Born to marshal his fellow-men;
One whose fame is not bought and sold
At the stroke of a politician's pen;
Give us the man, of thousands ten,
Fit to do as well as to plan;
Give us a rallying cry, and then,
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

"No leader to shirk the boasting foe,
And to march and counter-march our brave,
Till they fade, like ghosts, in the marshes low,
And the swamp-grass covers each nameless
grave;

Nor another, whose fatal banners wave
Aye in Disaster's shameful van;
Nor another to bluster and lie and rave;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

"Hearts are sorrowing in the North,
While the sister rivers seek the main
Red with our life-blood flowing forth—
Who shall gather it up again?
Though we march to the battle-plain
Firmly as when the strife began,
Shall our offering be in vain?
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

"Is there never, in all the land,
One on whose might the Cause may lean?
Are all the common men so grand,
And all the titled ones so mean?
What if your failure may have been
In trying to make good bread of brass,
Of worthless metal a weapon keen?
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

"Oh, we will follow him to the death
Where the fumes of the forest columns are!
Oh, we will use our latest breath,
Cheering for every sacred star!
His, to marshal us high and far:
Ours, to battle, as patriots can
When a Hero leads the Holy War!
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

—N. Y. Tribune. EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

SANTA; OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN I LOVED,
AND THE WOMAN THAT LOVED ME."

CHAPTER I.

I had been for two or three months a regular guest at Madame de L.—'s weekly concert. She was a Russian, and assembled at her house the most distinguished foreigners who were in Paris. It was a privilege, therefore, for an undistinguished Englishman to be admitted there. She had known my father, and for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne" was most kind and courteous to me.

Soon after I first went to her house, I was much struck with the appearance of a lady whom I rarely met anywhere else in Paris. She seemed attracted by the music (certainly the best of its kind which could be heard in this Paradise of Artists, even more than of women), for she entered as the first notes of the orchestra sounded, and before the last echoes had died away she was gone.

She was the Countess Rabenfeld, the widow, as was generally supposed, of a former Austrian minister in Rome. I had been presented to her, and we had exchanged a few words, but there was an indescribable something about this lady which was an effectual barrier to all attempts on my part to improve our acquaintance. An indifference scarcely veiled by a kind of negligent politeness, which was, to say the least of it, discouraging. She attracted, and yet repelled. In society, to be above or beyond the ordinary level is not an advantage, and Madame Rabenfeld was not popular. I was not surprised at it. Amongst the pretty faces and conventional smiles around, the aspect of this lady was as incongruous as that of a Greek Muse would be among Dresden china shepherdesses.

She was usually plainly but richly dressed. She wore few ornaments, and I noticed that the arrangements of her dress, though graceful, were utterly devoid of all coquetry. Her bright hair, of that tint so familiar to us in Venetian pictures (yellow with a flame through it, like rare, burnished gold), was simply folded back from her broad forehead, and drooped low down on her neck. The dark eyes were deep set, and wide apart, and there was a peculiar slowness in their movements, which gave an air of thoughtfulness, perhaps almost of sterner, to their expression. She was pale, and there were lines on her forehead, and under her eyes, which told of long suffering. But though the upper part of her face looked worn, the mouth, with its beautiful, flexible lips of rich dewy red, and the radiant teeth, which shone so luminous as she smiled, was as bright as in the freshest bloom of youth. It was certainly a striking countenance. Larger thoughts, nobler purposes, deeper feelings might be read in it, than in those of the triflers around. This discrepancy was felt by all, and resented by some. All saw there was a difference; the few only acknowledged this difference a distinction.

One evening, I was as usual at Madame de L.—'s. I had just entered, and was standing near Madame Rabenfeld. She put out her hand to take an ice from the servant, and in so doing, the pressure of the crowd caused him to stumble and upset the ice and tumblers into her lap. I rescued her from the broken glasses, but her dress seemed considerably damaged. She thanked me with her usual air of grave indifference, and rose to go. I offered her my arm. On reaching the entrance we found her carriage had not yet arrived. I proposed returning to the music-room. It was yet early, the clocks were only just striking twelve. She hesitated, and then

with more impulsiveness than I had yet seen in her, said:

"I have an engagement, and must go; but I will draw my hood over my head, and I can easily walk the little distance. Good night," and she offered to shake hands. I smiled, and told her she must have a strange opinion of me, if she imagined I would not request permission to accompany her.

"Thank you," she answered gravely; "it is scarcely necessary, for in ten minutes I shall be at home; however, as you will."

Coldly as the permission was granted, I availed myself of it and walked with her.

It was a beautiful night, and Paris proper, as it might be termed, sparkled in the distance, while the dark trees of the Champs Elysees looked shadowy and gloomy near us. The roll of carriages, and that indescribable noise which surges through the night in a great city like Paris, was very striking, contrasted with the distinct fall of our own footsteps. The silence and the darkness near us, the glitter and the reverberations beyond us, had a mysterious, ominous effect. We seemed walking in some weird and enchanted world, cut off and separated from the real one by those busy echoes, and those bands of light.

"Do you not think," I remarked, "that those lamps, in their tortuous and undulating lines, look like the convolutions of some huge serpent, intent on barring our further progress?"

"More like the bright nails which are disposed in lines and curves on some vast black coffin spread out before us," she answered, and we both smiled at our somewhat far-fetched and gloomy comparisons.

"I feel almost superstitious," she continued, "when I look at these silent, shining witnesses of all the deeds of the night. The stars are too far above our sphere for us to claim their sympathy; but these are in the midst of all, and are a part of all, and yet are as completely removed from all, as the stars themselves."

"Exactly so, and it is one of my pleasures to walk sometimes late at night, or rather early in the morning, here, and watch the distant lights, and wonder what scenes are being acted in the great drama of life before their steadfast, ruthless presence."

"But here, we are both too near and too far from the great throbbing heart of the fair wicked city for true observation."

"Why do you think so?"

"There is something so mournful and so depressing in being cut off, as it were, from the joys and sorrows of the multitude," she answered, sadly, "that we cannot judge fairly when thus separated from them."

"It is but like the lives of many of us," I replied. "To some are given the wide sympathies, the broad lights of life; to others the silence and the shade, with only the echoes of one footstep sounding through their darkened existence."

She paused abruptly. Whether she was satisfied on reflection that I meant no personal allusion in what I said, I know not; but, after a minute or two, she went on in a lighter tone:

"This late walk in evening dress reminds me of such happy days! When a young girl in Rome, I always returned on foot from my little evening gayeties to which I went. My brother, though much older than myself, humored me in all my whims and fancies. We would hasten through the streets till we entered the little side door which opened upon the great courtyard, and then we raced to see which could reach first, the fountain, that tossed up its sparkles in the moonlight. How many sprays of the fern which hung over it I have held up in token of victory! for I used always to win them. A lovely smile hovered for a moment over her lips.

"You are a Roman?"

"I am a Colonna," she answered. There was a simple dignity in her tone which suited her well, and the picture her words had created of the two Italians, one so beautiful, and both in the bloom of youth,—of the sky of Rome with its intense moonlight,—of the fountain garlanded with fern, such as I had often seen in my wanderings in the old city, was charming.

Hitherto my conversations with her had been brief; the general tone of her serious and anti-mundane remarks had excited my profane discontent or my irreverent impatience, but now I was deeply interested. We had reached her house. She thanked me politely, bade me farewell kindly, and the door closed upon her.

I stood for a moment, in deep thought, when I felt my arm touched, and saw my friend Auguste Rochevalle.

"I congratulate you, mon cher."

"Why did these words sting me? I laughed out loud as I answered, 'Why, Auguste?'"

"You have achieved an intimacy which we all covet." He laid an insolent stress on the word intimacy.

I was a vile coward to allow such words to be uttered in my presence. Does an evil spirit enter into us at times, that thus, without cause or provocation, we belie our own hearts, and all but sanction the foul trifling words which only that which ought to be sacred, and is in truth sacred in our own eyes? My companion looked hard at me and went on:

"You escorted Madame Rabenfeld from Madame de L.—'s. I observed that you left together, and I find you at her door after midnight."

"You must have done me the honor to watch me pretty closely."

"I am interested in that lady."

I winced, and looked at my companion from head to foot as he went on. "I have long admired her, and there is a mystery about her which is piquant. She ought to be a facile conquest, if all be true that I have heard of her. Indeed, I have myself witnessed strange things in her mode of life."

The exquisite pain these words gave me were the fitting punishment for my disgraceful complicity in her impertinence a few minutes before. He continued: "You and I are such old friends, Seymour, that I don't mind making you my father confessor. My

engagements have sometimes led me at a late hour near one of the worst localities of this very naughty city. Invariably I have seen, myself unseen, this lady leave at about three or later in the morning one of the houses in the Rue du Puits. One day I had the meanest, or what you will, to go to the house, and by a small donation to the porter, heard that a lady visited almost daily, or rather nightly, a young man who lodged in one of the rooms. His name I have forgotten. He was in bad health, and very poor. He had lived there for a few months in the strictest retirement, and with the closest economy. His only visible means of subsistence was authorship, and he wrote almost day and night. Some time ago he met with an accident, was run over or knocked down—*vous savez la chose*—and was brought home by three entire days. Since then she has constantly been to see him, and has arranged everything for his comfort."

"Surely," I said, "a woman can be charitable without exposing herself to such injurious comments? She may belong to some religious order."

"Charity can be exercised by day, or dispensed by a servant. Besides, my informant, who seemed resolved to give my money's worth, entered into details. He had heard the man call the lady by her Christian name, and one night, in preparing a room (so *he said*) which opened upon that occupied by the young man, he had heard voices raised so high that, though he could not understand the words (for they spoke in Italian) he could comprehend by the tones, that the lady was imploring some favor which her companion was angrily refusing. In some occult manner he also discovered that she was in a convulsion of grief, and had thrown herself on her knees. I dare say some of this information was false. He no doubt wished to excite me sufficiently to come again and pay for more of his news. But there was something in it. Our fair friend has something tragic in her mien. One of those women who take things so terribly in earnest, and who are not contented with the surface of things, as most of their dear sex are. The worst kind of women to have to deal with in any relation whatever," said he sentimentally.

Poor women, we complain of your frivolity, and if we meet with one who appears to possess some depth of character or reality of purpose, she becomes more surely a victim from these very qualities."

"This is no longer the age for tragedy," said Auguste; "life has become a comedy, a sentimental comedy if you will, but there are no parts now for your Heloissas or your Saint Theresas."

He might have gone on for an hour; all the time he spoke, and though every word was distinctly audible to me, a vision rose before me of a noble head, a clear, frank, lofty look, and an aspect so entirely the reverse of anything undisciplined or unprincipled that it seemed to be treason to listen to him.

"What are you thinking of? Have you no remark to make upon my revelations?"

"What reply would you have? It would take too long to sift the truth from the falsehood in this romantic story, and what does it matter to me?"

"Pshaw! I have seen you hover perpetually about her for the last three months. You admire her; so do I; so do we all; but there is a hitch somewhere. There is something about her which jars with her surroundings. Some go so far as to say she is not a widow, that her husband is still alive, but that she has been separated from him for years."

"Who says so?"

"Some countrymen of hers. The name of Rabenfeld, however, belongs to such a large Austrian clan, if I may so call it, that they may have been mistaken. Yet you must confess there is a mystery about her."

"I confess nothing of the kind."

"But I should say," he went on, without noticing my interruption, "that her appearance belies the scandal. Her air is so frankly independent, so quietly distinguished, a manner which is not flattered and defiant, like that of most women in that equivocal position, but calm and self-relying. A woman separated from her husband, as things are at present, is at once in an antagonistic relation to society. It requires more consummate tact than most women are gifted with, it needs less impulsiveness than they usually possess, to steer safely through all their difficulties. This is why so few separated women keep their position in society; they almost all sink into the demimonde."

"Is that the fault of women, or the fault of society?"

"I think it would take us too long to discuss that question, *against* women and *for* society; you *for* women and *against* society. Hitherto Madame Rabenfeld has lived so quietly, and being so rich, the world expects so much from her power of contributing to its pleasures and amusements, that she has not yet been ostracized. I was told that her husband and herself were separated after two years of marriage; he is much older than she is, and some extraordinary tales are told of the admiration of an exalted personage at Vienna; but why this should have caused a separation is not explained. There is a long gap, too, between her leaving Vienna and her arrival in Paris. Here, musicians, painters, and authors are her only associates; but even these she sees rarely. Still, the devil's advocate would obtain her non-communication, from a general unsavory look about her and her belongings, and something revolutionary and strong-minded in her opinions; and then this episode of the Rue du Puits is damning in my opinion. If not married, why not see this man openly? I believe she is married."

"Excuse me," I said, "but I have an engagement. I cannot listen to your *chronique scandaleuse* any more."

Why had I done so for so long? We parted, and I walked on with the buzz of those infamous words in my ears.

How strange is the heart of man! I had

met this woman repeatedly, and admired her vaguely; much of what I had heard this evening I had heard in fragments before; nothing was absolutely new; and yet because I had walked a few hundred yards with her and heard her speak of the past, there was a feeling of appropriation towards her, which made my temples throb and my heart beat at this light mention of her name.

I felt fevered and excited, and instead of going home, walked about for the next two hours, scarcely attending to where I went, till, on looking up, I found myself not far from the street mentioned by Auguste. I heard the clock strike two, and an irresistible impulse led me to the spot mentioned by him. The streets in this neighborhood, one of the worst in Paris, are filthy, narrow, and dark, and are reported to be dangerous. I thought of nothing, and though I was once hustled and pressed on by two men, I got free and went on. As I passed the centre house, the door opened and a woman issued from it. She went swiftly onwards, without turning to the right or the left. She was plainly dressed in black, and her veil was drawn close down. It was my instinct which told me it was Madame Rabenfeld, for in nothing could she have been recognized except perhaps by a certain swiftness and lightness of tread, which I had noticed as we walked together a few hours ago.

A step has to me much significance. I can judge of a character by the sound of a step. I can distinguish a race by the manner in which an individual treads. I can estimate the health and temper of a person by observing his walk.

I reached her as she came under the light of a lamp. Still I could not see her face. I passed on and then turned back and repeated her. I looked at her earnestly and saw her start. An impulse, which I restrained, made me step forward as if to speak, but she quickened her pace, and again repeated me. We proceeded thus—I following, she a little in advance—for nearly half an hour. I could not break the spell. I knew not whether she was conscious of it or not, but she drew me as a mesmerist draws a magnetic patient.

At last we entered a street into which one side of her house opened. She drew out a key and opened a small garden door. There to my astonishment she paused for a moment, turned round, threw up her veil, and walked up to me, her grave, earnest eyes flashed upon me, as she bowed haughtily, and with freezing contempt said:

"Be satisfied, Mr. Seymour, the woman you have been insulting by this espionage is the Countess Rabenfeld."

In another minute she was gone.

I was stung to the heart. I could have knelt at her feet. I could have submitted to any chastisement by way of atonement. Such were my thoughts that night as I paced my room. Night is the Egeria to us all. Our best selves come out beneath its influence and counsel. In the teeth of the reports I had heard, in spite of what I had myself seen, I could have attested at the price of my own, the honor which I had so cruelly doubted.

But alas! the morning comes. The workaday world awakes, and we are at once placed in contact with the Prince of the Air and his evil angels. We become suspicious, cynical and hard. I rose with the most unjustifiable anger against my species in general, against women in particular. Yet, as I argued with myself, what was it all to me? But when did such questions avail?

I went out more than usual. I scorned myself for feeling wounded by the actions of a comparative stranger. I could not shake it off. True, the javelin had been thrown by a stranger's hand, but the flesh was torn and bled. Pain roused memory, and the memory of pain received and given is a strong tie. I noted this as about a week afterwards I met the Countess Rabenfeld again at Madame de L.—'s.

I felt blushed, as I met her glance. She looked much as usual, but a flash of the eye, a dilation of the nostrils told me that she, too, was sensible of a link between us.

I listened to the music as it rose and fell. There is a bitter sweetness in the effect of music at times. We may attach our own meaning and interpretation to it, but to me at least there is often a vague sense of unfulfilled promise in it. It suggests "infinite passion," but with it also

The pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

The mortal ear is ravished with the heard melody, but it lingers with a tender transport for some yet more divinely harmonious song of which it is only the type.

The rooms were very crowded and the pressure of the throng brought me suddenly exactly behind the seat occupied by Madame Rabenfeld.

"How perfect the music has been to-night," I said to her.

"Perfect in itself, but to me there is always imperfection in music."

I started, as she thus echoed my own thoughts.

"It is not so much the case in vocal music; the voice and passion of the singer give individuality, and limit it at once to the finite, and within that limit we can be entirely satisfied. But the absolute concord of perfectly wrought instruments, and the perfect beauty of the compositions they utter, raise in us a burning sense of the infinite which cannot be assuaged."

"I agree with you," I said.

I thought she sighed. We were silent. The ghost of the evening in the Rue du Puits rose between us. As I stood so near her, I could observe that tremulous movement in the throat which is the sure sign of suppressed emotion among women. The face remains calm, the eyes cold, the mouth even is still, but they cannot silence this treacherous pulse.

At this moment some one passed me, and whispered in a mocking, stage whisper, "Remember No. 9, Rue du Puits."

I turned and saw the laughing face of Auguste. She heard him also. She looked at

him, and then full in my face. It flashed upon me that she thought I had betrayed her secret to this worldly trifler. What staidest questioning in her eyes! No reproach, but a kind of mournful wonder, a sense of undervalued wrong, a perception of unexpected baseness. My eyes fell. But the flood within me had been roused, and was not to be thus appeased.

"By-the-by," I said "will you allow me to assume the privileges of a native, counselling a stranger upon the usages of his country? I have lived in Paris so long that I know it well. You should not enter the street in which I met you some nights ago." (He started.) "There are all kinds of dangers in it. No one should enforce such an obligation upon you."

She turned white to the lips, but I went on—

"There are all kinds of dangers—"
"For me there are no dangers."
"Dangers to the purse, the life—"
"Go on."

"The reputation of those seen in it. But I suppose you are unacquainted with its character, and passed through it accidentally?"

I became confused. My impertinence, excited by a kind of blind revenge for the pain I had suffered and was suffering, was not natural to me, and I used the weapon awkwardly, and possibly gave more pain than even in that moment of resentment I intended.

"You are mistaken," she said quietly, and rose from her seat. "I know the street well; I go there constantly; I go to-night again." And with superb disdain she bowed and left me.

Again was I filled. What a fool I had been! And how each blow I aimed at her recoiled upon myself. The ground seemed to become suddenly hot beneath my feet, and I too left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHY I SHALL ENLIST.

The other day a business-looking personage called at my uncle's house, and politely requested the names and ages of the male members of the family. I was just going out, and heard Biddy, the chambermaid, telling him that the elder Mr. Jones was 52, "and this gentleman," said she, "is all we have in the family besides him."

"For what purpose are you procuring the names?" I inquired.

"To ascertain who are liable to do military duty," was the reply. "We must take down the names of every man between the ages of 18 and 45, and I presume, from your appearance, you do not call yourself forty-five?"

"No, sir," I replied, "but yet it will be useless to take my name, as I can convince you, in five minutes, if you will walk in."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I have no time. Give me your name, if you please, and then if you have an excuse to offer you can present it at the proper time and place."

"Peter Jones is my name, and I shall be thirty years old next birthday. But I assure you, my friend, your labor will be wasted, for should I take a musket in my hands at arm's length I could not see far enough to discern the bayonet."

"That is of no consequence," said the fellow, tantalizingly. "All we require is a sound man who can pull a trigger. I have no doubt you would make an excellent soldier."

As he said this he coolly recorded my name, age and address, in a little book bound in blue morocco.

"The fellow is right!" I mentally exclaimed, and I believe I will go and enlist in the army. Doing this, I may gain some distinction, but in society my case is hopeless.

The fact is, kind reader, I am hopelessly short-sighted, and have been so from babyhood. My life has been but a series of blunders in consequence, and if I could but be assured that I should make none in serving my country, I would be cheerfully content to endure the hardships of a soldier's life.

My misfortunes commenced with my life—yes, from my earliest infancy—and have continued up to this day. My mother has often told me, that when a baby, I would make a dozen ineffectual attempts to gain her breast, and my first essays in the art of walking, have been memorialized by a multiplicity of scars, occasioned by violent contact with chairs, tables, and other articles of domestic usefulness. As a boy, I was still more deserving of commiseration. In fact, my misfortunes seemed to accumulate with my growth. The delicacies of the dinner-table were invariably appropriated by my brothers and sisters, before I could be made conscious of their presence; and if I failed to examine closely every particle upon the prongs of my fork, or in the concave of my spoon, I might inadvertently swallow a red pepper for a sausage, or masticate a quantity of horseradish for as much sugar or Sago cheese. These petty annoyances were as nothing compared to the mortifications which riper years imposed upon me. If I had made a friend, I was sure to lose him within a fortnight by my apparently cold neglect; and as for my acquaintance among the ladies, that seemed to be entirely out of the question, as the female sex are even more sensitive than ours to any coldness or inattention. I finally resolved to turn over a new leaf. As all my friends, both male and female, had felt themselves slighted by my distant reserve, I resolved that that should be the case no longer, for I would bow or speak to every man I met, and would make myself agreeable to every lady in some way that should not offend. I put my resolution at once in practice, and for a while things went swimmingly on; but at length the same result was the consequence.

"What have I done now?" asked I of a friend; "why am I again thrust without the pale of society?"

"The reason is, simply," said he, gazing about to see that no one observed him speaking to so proscribed a being as I, "that people are not willing to meet, on terms of social

bility and equality, a man who claims the acquaintance of every loafer, male and female, he may chance to meet. At church, last Sunday, you offered your arm to Mrs. Rogers's pretty chambermaid; and you were yesterday observed by Dick Davis in the act of smoking a profound bow to three of the most notorious creatures in town. Dick avers he will tell his sister to cut your acquaintance."

"Good God!" exclaimed I, "is it possible?" and I went off in the greatest despair, for Miss Davis was the only girl who had seemed to realize my inferiority, and had, in fact, forgiven some very marked slight which I in ignorance had made when meeting her. Why, thought I, am I coupled with such a destiny? I am one of the gentlest and most inoffensive of mankind, and yet the evil: blackguard about town encounters not half the difficulties which fall to my lot.

Such were my musings as I passed down the street, such my reflections, when my dog—as I thought, but alas! it was another—rushed between my legs, and nearly tripped me up. Although naturally—or rather commonly—a good-natured man, I was not at that precise moment, as the reader may imagine, in my smoothest mood. The current of my mind had been agitated by more than one circumstance that day, and the little dog rendered me absolutely angry. With an exclamation of wrath, I gave this member of the canine race a kick, which sent him howling to the opposite side of the street.

"Bare," said a tall, swarthy, Frenchified, broad-looking personage, bowing until his moustaches brushed my nose, "you 'av, screw! kick my dog! What for you 'av done dis for, eh?"

"My dear sir," exclaimed I, terribly discomposed, "I beg ten thousand pardons! I really thought it was my own dog."

"Ah, you 'ought it was your dog, eh? No, sare, it is my little dog dat you 'av kick!"

"Sir, I am exceedingly sorry. I mistook him for my own dog; I assure you, I thought it was my own dog at that time."

"By Gar, sare, dat is vat you call no *argue possible*: sare is not von *reasons* of de dog. Dis dog vat you kick is or de black color—dat is my dog. De oder dog is von *souffron*, or de yaller color. My dog 'av de tall and ears ver moock cut off; de oder dog 'av got de ears stoock up and de tail ver moock long, with one grand *quart* to him."

"Excuse me, my dear sir," said I; "both dogs look alike to me, for I am short-sighted—my eyes are impaired."

The foreigner looked steadily in my face for a moment, but perceiving nothing there but truth, his countenance became calm and comparatively pleasant.

"You 'av, den Monsieur, de vision not ver far, eh?" I assented.

"Ah! den dat is all de apology which I demand," and, with a graceful adieu, he passed on.

"How fortunate for me!" soliloquized I, "that he was a Frenchman! Had he been one of my own countrymen, I should, no doubt, have figured in the gutter."

On the following day, I dined with a friend at one of the most fashionable hotels of the city, and was for a while, as I thought, extremely lucky, having as yet made but one faux pas, which was merely the drinking of a glass of brandy for as much wine—a mistake, by the way, which might have occurred to almost any one. A tremendously stout gentleman—a Kentucky major, as I afterwards learned—was seated on my left. This individual had just cleared his plate of a large quantity of roast beef and was engaged in gazing ominously at a lobster, his shut right hand, in the meantime, resting upon the table. Unfortunately for myself, at this particular juncture, I happened to stand in need of a piece of bread, and raising my eyes in search of the necessary article, I mistook his clenched fist for a bit! Taking up my fork very deliberately, I hitched up the sleeve of my coat, and plunged the sharp steel instrument into the fleshy part of the man's hand. With a noise between a roar and a growl, the victim jumped upon his feet, knocking down the gentleman who sat next him, and upsetting a waiter who was hurrying along with a large supply of custards. I, of course, jumped up, too, frightened, as may well be supposed, almost to death, and attempted to explain matters; but scarcely had I opened my mouth for the purpose, when I was floored by a tremendous blow from the wounded limb, directly in my face. No sooner had the avenger knocked me down, than he unsheathed a huge, glittering Bowie knife, and advanced to annihilate me altogether. Words cannot portray the horror of my emotions. I had seen the fellow carve a pig a few moments before, and had myself admired his dexterity in the proceeding.

The company, however, interfered between the Kentuckian and my destruction. My friends made known the imperfection of my vision, and the military man became satisfied. I was borne to bed, nearly senseless, and have not yet recovered from the effects of that adventure, although my physician is one of the most learned and efficient in the city. He is an Englishman, and when I related to him the occurrence, he shook his head, saying:

"Terrible chaps, those fellows from Kentucky; 'orrible beings! Wonder he didn't cut your 'ed off, halloo there!"

Such misfortunes as these are constantly occurring, and I therefore intend to enlist in the army if I may be accepted; for as the collector of names justly said, I am a sound man and can pull a trigger. Why need I then see who is shot down before me? On the whole I think short-sighted men in the army would perhaps be better soldiers than those who could see more, as they would not have the death of a fellow-mortal on their consciences.

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LOVE AND LUNACY.

The following love songs were written by an inmate of the Utica Lunatic Asylum. They are about as absurd as some of the poems written by college students:

Gaily the tiger cat tamed his gait,
Savoured the magpie with feathers and fat;
Sweetly he cooed at her, courtly he sighed,
"Lady bird, lady bird, will you be my bride?"
She for the elephant sadly had pined,
Ate but an ox, and then vowed she hadn't dined;
Carried a photograph close to her heart,
Wrapped up in lobster, leak notes and plum tart.

At midnight the rivals met in the whale
And fought by the light of the grasshopper's tail;
The elephant stood on his trunk to take breath,
And the tiger cat cooed his love to death.
Then with a cabbage stalk boldly he wrote:
"Come, love, and tread on the tail of my coat;
See thy own crocodile whistling for thee,
He groaned—gave a gurgle—a cold corpse was he!"

Lively, lovely Isaline,
Dancing o'er the moon so green
Freckled is thy now black hair,
Sparkling through the spangled air.
While their harp the dolphins play,
Lo! thou skinn'st the milky way;
Will thou be the mackerel's queen?
Lively, lovely Isaline!

Blighted, blighted Isaline!
Mourful croak the cat serene;
How! the gold fish, new the frog,
Weep the shrimps, and purr the dog;
All thy pets with rapture say:
"Our lady will be wed to-day."
But could thou love a fish so green,
Blighted, blighted Isaline!

Twinkle, twinkle little girl
How thy nose is out of curl!
Up above thy chin so high,
Like a lamp post in the sky.
When the verdant sun has gone,
And the stars their hair have done,
We will hire a lawyer's day
And gallop over the sea so gay.
Then will feast on codlin chops,
Peasegreen prawns, and lillipops;
Hand the skipper, catch the crimp,
And fill our shoes with myrtle soup.

THE COLONIZATION SCHEME.

[That distinguished wit, "Orpheus C. Kerr," seems to be rather unfriendly to the President's Colonization scheme, judging from the following travesty—which is certainly very funny, whatever else may be said of it.]

The other day I went down to Accomac again, to see the General of the Mackerel Brigade, who had invited me to be present while he made an offer of bliss to a delegation of that oppressed race which has been the sole cause of this unnatural war, and is, therefore, exempted from all concern in it.

The General, my boy, was seated in his temporary room of audience when I arrived, examining a map of the Border States through a powerful magnifying glass, and occasionally looking into a tumbler, as though he expected to find something there.

"Well, old Homesty," says I affably, "what is our next scheme for the benefit of the human race?"

He smiled paternally upon me, and, says he: "It is my purpose to settle the negro question in accordance with the principles laid down in the book of Exodus. Thunder!" says the General, with magisterial emphasis, "if we do not secure the pursuit of happiness to the slave even, we violate the Constitution, and become obnoxious to the border communities."

I was reflecting upon this remark, my boy, and wondering what the Constitution had to do with the book of Exodus, when the delegation made its appearance, and caused the room to darken perceptibly. Not to lose time, the General waved his hand to the visitors to be seated, and, says he:

"You and we are different races, and for this reason it must be evident to you, as well as to myself, that it is better you should be voluntarily compelled to colonize some distant but salubrious shore. There is a wide difference between our races: much wider, perhaps, than that which exists between any other two races. Your race suffers very greatly, and our race suffers in suffering your race to suffer. In a word, we both suffer, which establishes a reason why our race should not suffer your race to remain here any longer. You who are here are all present, I suppose."

A voice—"Yes, sah."

"Perhaps you have not been here all your lives. Your race is suffering the greatest wrong that ever was; but when you cease to suffer, your sufferings are still far from an equality with our sufferings. Our white men are now changing their base of operations daily, and often taking Malvern Hills. This is on your account. You are the cause of it. How you have caused it I will not attempt to explain, for I do not know; but it is better for us both to be separated, and it is vilely selfish in you (I do not speak unkindly) to wish to remain here in preference to going to Nova Zembla. The fact that we have always oppressed you renders you still more blameable, especially when we reflect upon the fact that you have never shown resistance. A trip on your part to Nova Zembla will benefit both races. I cannot promise you much bliss right away. You may starve at first, or die on the passage; but in the Revolutionary War General Washington lived exclusively on the future. He was besetting his race; and though I do not see much similarity between his case and yours, you had better go to Nova Zembla. You may think that you could live in Washington, perhaps more so than you could on a foreign shore. This is a mistake. None but white army courtesans and brigadiers on furlough can live here.

The future life of Nova Zembla has been in existence for some time, and is larger than

any smaller place that I know of. Many of the original settlers have died, and their offspring would be still living had they lived long enough to become accustomed to the climate. You may object to go, on account of your affection for our race, but it does not strike me that there is any cogent reason for such affection. So you had better go to Nova Zembla. The particular place I have in view for your colonization is the great highway between the North Pole and Sir John Franklin's supposed grave. It is a popular route of travel, being much frequented by the fictitious penguin and the flowing seal. It has great resources for ice water, and you will be able to have ice cream every day, provided you supply yourselves with the essence of lemon and patent freezers. As to other food I can promise you nothing. There are fine harbors on all sides of the place, and, though you may see no ships there, it will be still some satisfaction to know that you have such admirable harbors. Again there is evidence of very rich bear hunting. When you take your wives and families to a place where there is no food, nor any ground to be cultivated, nor any place to live in, the human mind would as naturally turn to bear hunting as to anything else. But if you should die of starvation at the outset, even bear hunting may dwindle into insignificance. Why I attach so much importance to bear hunting is, it will afford you an opportunity to die more easily than by famine and exposure. Bear hunting is the best thing I know of under such circumstances.

You are intelligent, and know that human life depends as much upon those who possess it as upon anybody else. And much will depend upon yourselves if you go to Nova Zembla. As to the bear hunting, I think I see the means available for engaging you in that very soon without injury to yourselves. I wish to spend a little money to get you there, and may possibly lose it all; but we cannot expect to succeed in anything if we are not successful in it.

The political affairs of Nova Zembla are not in quite such a condition as I could wish, the bears having occasional fights there, over the body of the last Esquimaux governor; but these bears are more generous than we are. They have no objection to dining upon the colored race.

Besides, I would endeavor to have you made equals, and have the best assurance that you should be equals of the best. The practical thing I want to ascertain is, whether I can get a certain number of able-bodied men to send to a place offering such encouragement and attractions. Could I get a hundred tolerably intelligent men, with their wives and children, to partake of all this bliss? Can I have fifty? If I had twenty-five able-bodied men, properly seasoned with women and children, I could make a commencement. These are subjects of very great importance, and worthy a month's study of the paternal offer I have made you. If you have no consideration for yourselves, at least consider the bears, and endeavor to reconcile yourselves to the beautiful and pleasing little hymn of childhood, commencing—

"I would not live away,
I ask not to stay."

At the termination of this flattering and paternal address, my boy, the delegation took their hats and commenced to leave in very deep silence; thereby proving that persons of African descent are utterly incapable of kindness, and much inferior to the race at present practicing strategy on this continent.

Colonization, my boy, involves a scheme of human happiness so entirely beyond the human power of conception, that the conception of it will almost pass for something inhuman. Yours, utopianally,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

EXEMPT BY REASON OF PHYSICAL DISABILITY.—A few days ago a great stalwart fellow was bantered into an enlistment office not a thousand miles from Wisconsin street. He presented as complete a picture of health as nature (who had much practice at the work) can get up. In answer to the inquiries of the surgeon, he proved to be the identical fellow who had all the ills that flesh is heir to. "Have you ever had fits?" asked the surgeon. "Yes, sir." "What kind?" "All kinds." "Have you ever had the itch?" "Yes, sir." "A bad cough?" "Yes, sir." "Horrors?" "Yes, sir." "Troubled with the asthma a little, ain't you?" "Yes, sir." "And the liver complaint?" "Yes, sir." "And you sometimes faint from weakness?" "Yes, sometimes." "Well," said the surgeon, with his ear to the giant's breast, where the great heart and lungs could be heard like a mighty forge welding health and turning out blood and vitality, "well, sir, you are just the man we want, then!" "Here's your certificate." The look of well-mixed horror and astonishment that followed would have baffled an artist to paint.

QUESTION BY MRS. PARTINGTON.—"Do you think people are troubled as much with fleabottoms now, doctor, as they used to be before they discovered the anti-bug bedstead?" asked Mrs. Partington of a doctor of the old school, who attended the family where she was staying. "Fleabottoms, madam," said the doctor, gravely, "is a remedy, not a disease." "Well, well," replied she, "no wonder one gets 'em mixed up, there is so many of 'em. We never heard in old times of trousers in the throat, or embargoes in the head, or neurology all over us, or constipation in the bowels, as we do now-a-days. But it's an ill wind that don't blow nobody good, and the doctors flourish on it like a green baize tree. But of course they don't have anything to do with it—they can't make 'em come or go."

It is said the man came very near dying in California by putting on a pair of clean stockings and drinking a glass of cold water—an experiment he had not tried for many years. We know a good many men who run no risk of ever suffering from either experiment.



PHOTOGRAPHY.

ARTIST! (Photographic).—"You've rather a florid complexion, sir, but (producing a flour dredger to the old gentleman's horror) if you'll take a seat, we'll obviate that immediately."

CHARGES AT WATERLOO.

From his own memory of Waterloo, as one who was in the fight, Captain Gronow, of the British Royal Guards, thus describes the charge of the French cavalry upon the British square:

About four P. M. the enemy's artillery in front of us ceased firing all of a sudden, and we saw large masses of cavalry advance; not a man present who survived could have forgotten in after life the awful grandeur of the charge. You discovered at a distance what appeared to be an overwhelming, long moving line, which, ever advancing, glittered like a stormy wave of the sea when it catches the sunlight. On they came until they got near enough, whilst the very earth seemed to vibrate beneath the thundering tramp of the mounted host. One might suppose that nothing could have resisted the shock of this terrible moving mass. They were the famous cuirassiers, almost all old soldiers, who had distinguished themselves on most of the battlefields of Europe. In an almost incredibly short period they were within twenty yards of us, shouting "vive l'Empereur!" The word of command, "Prepare to receive cavalry," had been given, every man in the front ranks knelt, and a wall of bristling steel, held together by steady hands, presented itself to the infuriated cuirassiers. I should observe that just before this charge the Duke entered by one of the angles of the square, accompanied only by one aide-de-camp, all the rest of his staff being either killed or wounded. Our commander-in-chief, as far as I could judge, appeared perfectly composed, but looked very thoughtful and pale. He was dressed in a grey greatcoat with a cape, white cravat, leather pantaloons, Hessian boots, and a large cocked hat à la Russe.

The charge of the French cavalry was gallantly executed; but our well-directed fire brought men and horses down, and ere long the utmost confusion arose in their ranks. The officers were exceedingly brave, and by their gestures and fearless bearing did all in their power to encourage their men to form again and renew the attack. The Duke sat unmoved, mounted on his favorite charger. I recollect his asking the Hon. Lieut. Colonel Stanhope what o'clock it was, upon which Stanhope took out his watch, and said it was twenty minutes past four. The Duke replied, "The battle is mine; and if the Prussians arrive soon there will be an end of the war."

The Duke's famous "Guards up and at them," is restored, or almost restored, by Captain Gronow's recollection of the incidents of the last charge at Waterloo:

It was about five o'clock on that memorable day, that we suddenly received orders to retire behind an elevation in our rear. The enemy's artillery had come up en masse within a hundred yards of us. By the time they began to discharge their guns, however, we were lying down behind the rising ground, and protected by the ridge before referred to. The enemy's cavalry was in the rear of their artillery, in order to be ready to protect it if attacked; but no attempt was made on our part to do so. After they had pounded away at us for about half an hour they deployed, and up came the whole mass of the infantry of the Imperial Guard, led on by the Emperor in person. We had now before us probably about 30,000 of the best soldiers in France, the heroes of many memorable victories. We saw the bear-skull caps rise higher and higher as they ascended the ridge of ground which separated us, and advanced nearer and nearer to our lines. It was at this moment the Duke of Wellington gave his famous order for our bayonet charge, as he rode along the line; these are the precise words he made use of—"Guards, get up and charge!"

We were instantly on our legs, and after so many hours of inaction and irritation at maintaining a purely defensive attitude—all the time suffering the loss of comrades and friends—the spirit which animated officers and men may be easily imagined. After firing a volley as soon as the enemy were within shot, we rushed on with fixed bay-

onets, and that hearty hurrah peculiar to the British soldier.

It appeared that our men, deliberately and with calculation, singled out their victims; for as they came upon the Imperial guard our fine broke, and the fighting became irregular. The impetuosity of our men seemed almost to paralyze their enemies. I witnessed several of the Imperial Guard who were run through the body, apparently without any resistance on their part. I observed a big Welshman, of the name of Hughes, who was six feet seven inches in height, run through with his bayonet and knock down with his firelock, I should think, at least a dozen of his opponents. This terrible contest did not last more than ten minutes, for the Imperial Guard was soon in full retreat, leaving all their guns and many prisoners in our hands.

EVIL DAYS.

Superstition has always set apart certain days as good and others as evil. Friday is the most ill-omened day in the calendar, and there are many who still believe that the fifth day in the week exerts a baneful influence upon fresh resolves and new enterprises. The Pious never begin anything of importance on Monday or Friday. Lord Burghly in a letter to his son, admonishes him against three Mondays. His lordship specifies these evil Mondays, and assigns a sufficient reason for regarding them as unlucky—

"The first Monday in April which day *Catne* was born and his brother *Abel* slain; the second Monday in August which day *Solome* and *Gomorrhah* was destroyed; and the last Monday in December, which day *Judas* was born, that betrayed our Saviour, Christ."

DR. CHANNING AND THE SKEPTIC.—A skeptic visited the late Rev. Dr. William E. Channing, and told him that he could not reconcile the terrible denunciations in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew with the meekness and compassion of the Saviour. "Let us know," said the great preacher, "what in particular troubles you," and taking up the New Testament he began to read the passages, with the sweet solemnity of his voice. He had not proceeded far before his critic said—"Ah, if the Saviour denounced in a tone like that, I have nothing more to say."

THE PRICE OF PAINTINGS.—A well-vouched story is told that Reynolds asked three hundred guineas for his pictures of the Cardinal Virtues, and he refused the offer of three hundred pounds, saying that he would rather die with the Cardinal Virtues in his possession, than part with them for less than the price he had named.

And Reynolds did die with the Cardinal Virtues in his possession; and the Cardinal Virtues were sold at Christie's, in the days of old Christie, for fourteen thousand pounds!

Agricultural.

NATURAL BAROMETER.

The spider, says an eminent naturalist, is almost universally regarded with disgust and abhorrence; yet, after all, it is one of the most interesting, if not the most useful, of the insect tribe. Since the days of Robert Bruce, it has been celebrated as a model of perseverance, while in industry and ingenuity it has no rival among insects. But the most extraordinary fact in the natural history of this insect, is the remarkable presentiment it appears to have of an approaching change in the weather. Barometers, at best, only foretell the state of the weather with certainty for twenty-four hours, and they are very frequently fallible guides, particularly when they point to settled fair. But we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days, when the spider makes the principal threads of its web very long. This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not commence a work requiring such a great length of threads, which it

draws out of its body, unless the state of the atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will soon change to be settled fair when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. It is obvious how important this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly to the agriculturist.—*Exchange.*

CURING PORK.

A French chemist has lately asserted, that scurvy will never arise from the use of salt provisions, unless saltpetre be used in the curing; that salt alone answers all the purposes, provided the animal heat be entirely parted with before salting. He claims that the insertion of pork in pickle alone is not sufficient, but that it should be rubbed thoroughly with dry salt after it has entirely parted with its animal heat, and that then the fluid running from the meat should be poured off before packing the pork in the barrel. This should be done sufficiently closely to admit no unnecessary quantity of air, and some dry salt should occupy the space between the pieces, and then pickle, and not water, should be added. Great care must be taken to fill the barrel entirely full, so that no portion of the meat can at any time project above the surface of the fluid; if this occur, a change of flavor ensues such as is known with rusty pork.

The pickle, of course, must be a saturated solution of salt and water, that is, so strong that it is incapable of dissolving more salt. It must be remembered that cold water is capable of dissolving more salt than hot water.—*Working Farmer.*

VALUE OF ROOTS COMPARED WITH GRAIN.

J. C. Taylor, of Holmdel, N. J., in a communication to the Country Gentleman, says: From all my experiments, taken in combination with many published values, I consider five pounds of turnips equal to one pound of corn, and eight pounds of turnips fully equal to one pound of oil-cake. This comparison has special reference to the value of the substances named for feeding sheep. Mr. T. thinks—and some experiments which he has made support the conclusion—that when mutton is worth twelve cents per pound (as the best frequently is in New York and Boston), turnips are worth one-fifth of a cent per pound for making it.

HOW TO DESTROY SNAILS AND SLUGS.

Salt and lime is a great annoyance to these intruders. A pinch of the former will very soon kill them, while a sprinkling of the latter, which they would not pass for a trifle, will keep them at a respectful distance. It is not an uncommon practice to sprinkle a little fresh lime over young crops, according to the old adage, "prevention is better than cure." It will, however, be necessary to repeat this two or three times a week, as after it has been on the ground for a little time and become moist, it will lose all its properties, and the culprits would return and devour your plants with impunity.

A WRINKLE ABOUT THE AGE OF HORSES.

After the horse is nine years old, a wrinkle comes on the eyelid, at the upper corner of the lower lid; and, every year thereafter, he has one well-defined wrinkle for each year of his age over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine and you will always get it.

Useful Receipts.

GREEN CORN IN WINTER.—Those who are fond of green corn during the winter do not all know that it may be preserved by packing it tightly in casks or barrels, and covering it with a brine strong enough to keep cucumbers. The corn should be taken with the husk on. Corn thus prepared, if kept covered with brine, will keep in good order for a year or more, and will be sufficiently fresh for the table when boiled.—*Pittsburg Post.*

TO PRESERVE CIDER.—The following receipt, for preserving cider, was tested last fall by a friend, and found to be all that is claimed for it:—"When the cider in the barrel is in a lively fermentation, add as much white sugar as will be equal to a quarter or three-quarters of a pound to each gallon of cider, (according as the apples are sweet or sour), let the fermentation proceed until the liquid has the taste to suit, then add a quarter of an ounce of sulphate (not salphate) of lime to each gallon of cider, shake well and let it stand three days, and bottle for use." The sulphate should first be dissolved in a quart or so of the cider before introducing it into the barrel of cider.—*Prairie Farmer.*

PREPARING GLUE FOR READY USE.—To any quantity of glue use common whiskey instead of water. Put both together in a bottle, cork it tight and set it for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat. Glue thus prepared, will keep for years, and is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should be set in warm water before using. To obviate the difficulty of the stopper getting tight by the glue drying in the mouth of the vessel, use a tin vessel with the cover fitting tight on the outside to prevent the escape of the spirit by evaporation. A strong solution of isinglass made in the same manner is an excellent cement for leather.

BOILED QUINCES FOR THE DESERT.—Quinces not pared, simply boiled in fair water till tender, and eaten with butter and sugar, like dumplings, form a delicious dessert for the dinner table. They should be taken upon the plate and crushed with the fork, and simply buttered and sugared. As to beauty, nothing can surpass them; they retain their form, and are as bright as a dish of oranges.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 31 letters.
My 20, 18, 19, 20, 18, 21, 7, 19, 6, 31, is a city in the North of Spain.
My 19, 18, 20, 18, 19, is a city in the North of France.
My 24, 4, 11, 11, 6, 13, is a country in Europe.
My 3, 1, 2, 6, 7, 23, 7, 13, is a country in Africa.
My 7, 21, 24, is a river in Siberia.
My 24, 7, 9, 27, is a city in Italy.
My 20, 24, 6, 20, is a lake in the United States.
My 20, 18, 14, 21, 10, 28, 97, 14, is a county in Iowa.
My 9, 6, 26, 26, 7, 10, 28, 6, is one of the West-ern States.
My 17, 13, 6, 5, 18, 3, is an island south of China.
My 6, 8, 15, 6, 18, is a country in Asia.
My 23, 7, 28, 18, 19, 13, 5, 15, is a city in Maine.
My whole is the saying of every true and loyal patriot.
M. F. RINEHART.
Cottage Home, Frederick Co., Md.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I think you live beneath a roof
That is upheld by me,
I think you seldom walk abroad,
But my fair form you see.

I close you in on every side,
Your very dwellings pave,
And probably shall go at last,
With you into the grave.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A dictionary explaining all the arts.
To acquire knowledge.
An interjection.
To clean out a gun.
An adverb of manner.
A general term comprising all large guns.
To change for the better.
One of the Linnaean classes.
An executioner.

G. W. TUCKER.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required, the diameter of the three largest equal circles that can be inscribed within an equilateral triangle, whose sides are 324 feet.

FRANCIS W. HIBBARD.

Barnesville, Belmont Co., Ohio.

Answer and rule is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a New York milkman like Pharaoh's daughter? Ans.—Because he takes a little profit out of the water.

What joint of meat is most appropriate for an emptyarder? Ans.—A fillet (fill it).

When may a ship be said to be ambitious in love? Ans.—When she is making up to a peer (peer).

Why is a stupid school-boy like a town in Scotland? Ans.—Because he is a dunce (Dunee).

Why is the polka like bitter beer? Ans.—Because there are so many hops in it.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Agnes (Agnes Strickland). RIDDLE.—Time. REBUS.—1. Violet. 2. Ueber. 3. Lemon. 7. Tiger. 8. Unheard of. Rabbit. 7. Endive. 8. Culture. CHARADE.—Idol. ANAGRAMS OF FEMALE NAME.—Dorothea, Georgiana, Madeline, Theodora, Miranda, Henrietta, Annette, Cordelia, Sophia, Bolinda, Antoinette, Charlotte, Catherine, Eleanor, Margaret, Martha, Mary. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—The charge is called curve of pursuit. The pigeon flew 400 yards, and the hawk flew 640 yards.

Answer to ENIGMA published July 26.—Cesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third may profit by example. MRS. J. A. GETMAN.
Bedford, Michigan.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM published June 7th.—A and B when nearest each other will be 1472.450 miles apart. A will have travelled 18708 miles, and B 21901.3 miles.
Burlington, Iowa. W. W.

J. Hoff differs from answer to above as follows:—Nearest distance, 1464.1 miles on a right line and 1477.45 on the surface. A travelled 18714.225 miles; B 21909.915 miles.

Still another answer, from David Wickerson, Clinton County, Ohio.—Nearest point 321.310 miles, measuring on the surface of the earth. A had then travelled 5345.98-100 miles; B had then travelled 7344.35-100 miles.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. D. Young, published June 7th.—38,6274 inches.
Burlington, Iowa. W. W.

Answer to PROBLEM by Reuben Martin, published June 21st.—Number of rails required 769; number of acres in last mentioned field 51.900.
Rock Grove, Illinois. WM. ASKEY.

Number of rails 12960; number of acres 51.9015.
DAVID CROSKY.
Bakersfield, Allegheny Co., Pa.

It will require 7482.45224 rails, and the area will be 51 acres, 153.8472 rods.
Burlington, Iowa. W. W.

Answer to S. G. Cagrolin's PROBLEM, published July 14th.—20 feet, 14.1421 feet and 14.1421 feet. The angles are respectively 90°, 45° and 45°, and the area 100 feet.
Burlington, Iowa. W. W.

Answer to PROBLEM by Junior, published July 5th.—Officer's wages \$15. He would travel 250 miles; time required, 25 hours.
Ashdon, Clark Co., Mo. O. F. ENSIGN.

Answered also by A. MARTIN.

Answer to PROBLEM by S. W. W., in Post of August 2.—The required number of bills is 4165.
ANTHEAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Yamango Co., Va.